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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

The aspiration to enlighten the heart becomes a compelling urge with some men. To be, rather than to think only. Not sacrifices in mere deeds which are seen objectively as outside of the doer, but natural expressions of the man who is not aware that he is unselfish and sacrificing.

The desire to be good, helpful, charitable, is very common. But it is the way of the world that these desires are forced into expression by conscious effort; they have not the sweet natural fragrance of the rose but the scent of the *attar* of roses manufactured by men.

Belief in a religious creed is very different from the inner way of life which, discarding creed, seeks the security of Naturalness. The integration of inner perceptions to outer life, the harmonious fusion of inner attitude with outer conduct, does not depend on study but on application. The study of true principles of the science of the soul, Psychology, gives theoretical knowledge. Applied Psychology is another matter.

Our religious, social and other beliefs have to be tested by the painstakingly acquired knowledge which study yields. But to know *himself* man has to apply that knowledge—discarding unenlightened beliefs and habits. Our views have to stand the test of quiet knowledge and thus commences application in the art of becoming integrated. To live the doctrine, to be what we know, to be true to the perception of the educated mind, requires application. In the sphere of application there should not be the poser, of whom Hamlet is the classical example. We must know and then determine what we aspire and plan to BE.

One of the greatest of psychologists, one who was a great master in the art of application and who certainly knew himself, has said :—

Irrigators canalize the waters; fletchers bend the arrows; carpenters carve the wood; wise men fashion themselves.
(*The Dhammapada*, Verse 80)

The Enlightened One repeats the same verse but uses the word "good," *i. e.*, bent on fulfilling

noble resolves, in place of the word "wise" (Verse 145). To fashion ourselves to BE noble means to become noble by exercise, by application. There is a difference between the scholar and the Sage; it is rooted in application. A scholar knows, a Sage embodies Wisdom. Master Gautama has illustrated the difference in Verses 51-52:—

Like a beautiful flower, full of colour, but without scent, are the fair but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.

Like a beautiful flower, full of colour and full of scent, are the pure and fruitful words of him who acts accordingly.

Words and acts are integrated in the Sage. The Light of the Soul radiates in and through his sensorium. Exercise, practice, application make the Sage out of the scholar. Intellectual recognition becomes spiritual realization when the mind's knowledge passes through the fire of experience. Most of the few who seem determined to become truly good and wise lack perseverance, assiduity in devotion. The Master has said that "a lax ascetic only scatters the dust of his passions more widely." (Verse 313). The persevering effort should not be spasmodic; strenuous should be the watch, daily the warding off of evil. *The Dhammapada* says:—

Let a man guard himself. Let him be like a well-guarded frontier fort, with defences within and without. Not a moment should escape his vigilance. He who allows the moment to slip from the right suffers grief, like unto the pain of hell. (Verse 315)

Another difficulty of the student who resolves to practise is his lack of correct philosophical knowledge. His studies are often materialistic and mechanistic and he pushes himself to the dangerous precipice of neurosis. There is a strange verse which at first sight seems exaggerated. The Master Gautama says:—

If a man has transgressed a single Rule, if he lies or scoffs at another world—there is no evil he will not do. (Verse 176)

The breaking of a *single* law and the scoffing at the existence of another world (the invisible is implied, of course) are put in the same class as falsehood. And these three seem to be wombs of evil deeds. There are some cogent verses in the Ninth Canto, which is about Evil, Sin, Vice, *Pāpa*.

The Dhammapada (Footfalls of the Law) proves a reliable Companion for the ardent practitioner. What inspiration is to be derived from this confessional verse by the Master!

This mind of mine went formerly wandering about as it liked, as it listed, as it pleased; but I shall now control it perfectly as a rider controls with his hook a rutting elephant. (Verse 326)

SHRAVAKA

WELCOME, OLD AGE !

[**Shri J. M. Ganguli's** prescription for a happy and fruitful old age may perhaps have a greater appeal in India, where among the Hindus the four stages of life known as *ashramas* form a recognized pattern, than elsewhere; but there are aspects of it which can be applied with profit by aged people everywhere. It has been said that the Westerner's ideal is "economic independence in old age," while the Hindu's ideal is "an old age independent of economics." The latter is implied by our esteemed contributor. Old age is properly the harvest time of life; utilizing the time for reviewing and assimilating the experiences of the life soon to close and preparing oneself by thought on higher things to meet the great change with serenity, one is adapting oneself to the rhythm of Nature and is sustained on its tide, getting from the right use of the period a perspective and a poise that should stand one in good stead for the next session of the school of life.—ED.]

He looked rather downcast that morning, that old gentleman, out, as was his wont, on his early morning round, with his familiar thick stick in his hand. There was obviously something on his mind, something in his rather vacant gaze on the surroundings, something in his unmindful steps, which struck me as I went across to meet him.

I had always had respect for his age, as I had also greatly appreciated his sincere and affectionate greetings. I looked straight into his eyes but, anticipating the conventional query "How do you do?" he said with a faint smile on his lips, "Not too well; but"—almost impulsively he added—"haven't I had enough use of this body?"

"But—" I interjected.

He dryly cut me short and went on: "No; it is time for us old people to go. There is no pleasure in dragging on this miserable existence, and no use either."

"No use either"—the words struck me as they have often struck me before. We hear that so often, and from so many old people. Hardly ever do we meet a man of venerable age, who has on his face a bland smile of satisfaction and contentment. He shows no sign that he is enjoying his ripe, restful age.

But why not? I have often wondered about that and thought it over. After the silly years of boyhood, after the rugged and storm-tossed youth, after the careworn and ever-busy, after-youth years, when one enters the region where wisdom flows in through years of past experience, where work and duty in a ceaseless round do not keep one tied to the revolving pivot, but where leisure and freedom from the relentless dictates of the table timepiece come of themselves, why should not one heave a deep sigh of relief? How is it that old people should wish for a change of life, or

rather a change of the body, which is blamed for all their sufferings and which alone is subject to change? But do the sufferings ever really come from the body? Do they not simply and closely follow the close-linked chain of one's *karma*, the chain that runs through life after life till *karma* ceases and its end is wound up by the subsiding again of the body-conscious ego into the dead level of the One and the Absolute?

How persistently we prefer to forget that hard truth, and seek relief from the piercing thrusts of repentance by attributing our miseries to bad luck, to frolicsome turns of fortune, or to the evil doings of other people! Indeed, most of our woes and troubles centre round the body, that aches here or pains there, or is exhausted and fails to function as before due to improper use or over-use under the uncontrolled impulses of the physical senses. And when these things happen the mind that is still ruled by sense-hankerings, wails from within, "The body is failing. Alas, age has come; I cannot eat any more the things I love. I cannot have any more the pleasures of bygone days. Oh, how wretched this life is!"

Thus the mind cries, and it cannot be consoled unless it looks back and starts re-valuing the things for which it still craves. The experiences of the years left behind have been gone through in vain if they have not brought the mind to maturity along with the maturity of the body. It is really the discrepancy in the maturity of the mind and the body that creates regret and discontent. The mind lags behind the body because that mind had been following the lead of the physical impulses, instead of controlling and leading them. And, so, inevitably, after the blinding intoxication of youthful days, the body and the mind are at cross-purposes and do not pull together. The body has over-exerted itself and is looking for quiet repose; the mind is still longingly looking back, wanting to do the skipping and running and fooling as before, ignoring the bitter experiences which they brought.

That discrepancy has to be adjusted if old age is to be enjoyed instead of being regretted. The mind's advance is to be accelerated by a thoughtful realization of the significances of past doings and their consequences. We want the arms and the legs, the eyes and the tongue and all the other limbs, parts and senses to function as they functioned in the prime of youth. But does it not strike us that those limbs, parts and senses only led us astray into more and more distractions by giving some deceiving sense of pleasure, which left a biting hankering, but never a soothing contentment? And, moreover, did they not thereby keep our inner sight, our finer perceptions, our subtler senses deeply buried under a thick crust of the mere crude and material? Are not all our mental discontent and sufferings traceable to them? Should we then really want to rejuvenate them,

to feel again their blasting and blinding fury ? Or should we learn to feel the relief and lightness which come after the storm has dashed us at last on to the shore ?

The age of night and gloom has sunk below the horizon, and in clear weather a new age is coming up in the east. We are now safe on the shore and are rubbing our eyes in the light of a glorious dawn. Down beyond, over there, the sea of life is rolling and roaring, foaming and dashing. How the poor creatures are tossed up on its waves and then thrown down ! How many are plunged into the sea and drowned ! How many of those that come up again are dashed upon the breakwaters ! And, yet, how strange that those creatures appear so blind and intoxicated, in the impulsive fury of life, that they do not realize the dangers of a fall or the stupidity of their movements.

What an eye-opener this backward glance at life ought to be to the old man, who has come through it and is now perched safe, high and dry on the coast of mature old age ! What wisdom on earth can make him turn wishful eyes to plunging in again ? If there was a moment of maddening pleasure when one was tossed up on the crest of a wave, there was a plunge to follow. If there was an interval of smoothness on the surface, there was an upheaval forming at no great distance. If there were love and happiness round a family hearth, there was a storm brewing outside to snatch away a dear one and blast all impermanent ties.

What wisdom, indeed, would it be to think of counting on those ties again and to float and drift in pursuit of a silly whim or a short-lived pleasure ? Surely an old man forgets his past experiences when he regrets having passed beyond them ! And when he thinks of cutting short what he calls his miserable present existence he does not foresee how his rebirth will mean again the dreaded pangs of birth and death, the useless and helpless years of infancy, the reckless stupidity of youth and the many shocks and disappointments, ailments and sufferings throughout life, at the end of which he will come back again to where he is now.

If there is a dark cloak of mystery over this life and this world, there is at least one thing which often emerges clearly, and that is that there is nothing without a deep purpose behind or beyond it. The life that has been left behind has also not been without significance. It was not all a waste. Its ever-mixed experiences should teach us to go more deeply into the values of things so as to get surer wisdom and clearer sight. After the rush and roar of the past, in the serenity and restfulness of old age, one can sit and ruminate over the lessons of the past, and, while so doing, look back amusedly and wonderingly on what he had so long been doing. Such reflections will give a sense of relief and security in old age, instead of silly regrets and unwise hankerings.

Who is there who does not enjoy

sitting safe on the shore, in sight of the sea tossing below? So the old man should enjoy the sight of the sea of life stretching out at his feet; and he should feel all the happier at the thought of having come safely through its waters. He should feel inspired, too, at the immense vista of emancipation opening out before him there on the shore. It is so inviting, if only the old man has developed the subtleness to perceive it. And the way to it is also easy, because it is all on solid ground. Only, to embark on that trek, he has to cut himself off from the ties of the past and to lighten himself of the burden of regrets and longings for the illusions and enchantments of his former days. The prodding of bitter memories comes from behind; the hope of redemption shows the way onwards. Is this time, this age, this experience, to be really regretted? Or is every moment of it to give joyful inspiration, a burning impatience to go on to the blissful destination of this life, where a Buddha has visualized Nirvana, the Yogi has perceived his fading away into the Absolute, the devotee has dreamed of an eternal embrace with his Deity, and the life-tortured, unhappy creature has hoped for enduring solace?

Such are the brilliant prospects which dazzle him. Let him make haste to disburden himself. He was a wise man who said, the other day, on the eve of his retirement, that he would now take the same interest and pleasure in "unearning" and "unsaving" and untying, as he had taken before in acquiring and saving and in forming ties of endearment. How deeply significant his words are! And that should not be difficult at all to do, for do not our experiences forcibly turn our minds and our eyes away from our former activities? Do they not goad us on to a different effort, a different seeking, a different outlook? Let not the great house of cards, which the old man had toiled, earned and saved to build, keep his mind locked in a cellar; let it come out in the open under the thrilling blue of the sky, and in the sublime fresh air. Let the old man not still total and retotal his balances at the bank; let him have the exquisite joy of giving them away and feel the exhilarating lightness of possessing nothing. Let him not focus his thought and love on the few inmates of the house, whom he calls his family; let him spread them out on all and thereby overcome the closer ties of love.

All that was not possible when his eyes were unseeing, his age was unripe. Now, in the fulness of his years and in the richness of his experience, he is capable of realizing his goal and encompassing in one perspective the eventful past, the fruitful present and the glorious future. Onward, up and onward! Onward to Mukti, to Nirvana, to eternal Salvation! Who will madly think of turning back? Who will wish for merely a change of body and a life like the old one to go through again? The cords pulling us back

have to be cut and the mind turned and concentrated on the crimson glow ahead. There lies the cherished destination, the final attaining of the purpose behind all life's experiences. If he feels weak, if he still has misgivings, if his heart still flutters at parting from the memories of the past, well, let him clasp his hands, look up and hear the message: "Surrender your doubts, your weaknesses, your hopes and your despair unto me, O Arjuna," says Krishna. "See that you and all and everything are in me. Wherefore, then, your fear, your hesitation?"

In all ages, in all climes, in all languages, such a message has come; and its echoes and reverberations have been heard from the mountain cliffs. from the forest depths, from the waters of the deep sea, from inside the darkness of caves, wherever and whenever man, overcoming himself, has sat and meditated and concentrated; and the music of it has come, wafted by a soft breeze or spread out and scattered by the bell of a temple or a church, to the ears of those who, in the maturity of years and experience, have definitely and resolutely turned away from the follies of yore.

J. M. GANGULI

SOCIAL SCIENCE STATISTICS

A warning was sounded by Dr. J. D. N. Versluys, Social Science Officer of Unesco at New Delhi, in his lecture on "Unesco and Social Science," delivered at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on March 18th. Social science was today making considerable use of statistical methods in such studies as those of tensions, but he cautioned against the illusion that such methods could yield certainties such as could be claimed for statistics in the natural sciences. There was no adequate measure of the intensity with which opinions were held, and the time factor might abruptly change the whole set of opinions. Furthermore, the stereotyped concepts of other peoples, common to a particular group, lent themselves only too readily to exploitation by politicians seeking to create tensions.

This seems to us an important point. The very publishing of the results of such studies seems threatening to mutual tolerance and good-will. We can get on fairly well with neighbours who do not seem to like us very much if they do not voice their objections to us in our hearing. But it will certainly not conduce to better feeling between, say, Brahmins and non-Brahmins in South India, to publish what members of each group have said about the other! Some allowance has to be made for human nature. If full publicity is to be given to feelings confided to a third party, the tensions project may earn the name in another sense than that originally contemplated!

The reassuring results of the Unesco studies of Race can do great good, and its studies of the effects of technological advance upon social conditions and of the ways of life in different countries are all promising lines of investigation on an international basis.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF EXTREMITY

AN APPROACH TO THE WORK OF CLAUDE HOUGHTON

[The vivid and thought-stimulating stories which the distinguished English novelist, Mr. Claude Houghton, has from time to time contributed to our pages will make this study of his fiction of spiritual adventure, by **Miss M. E. Overton, M.A.,** now working in the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate and so in touch with education in India, of particular value and interest to our readers.—ED.]

There is really only one problem—the problem of evil; and one answer, redemption from that evil. The fact that there seem to be many problems, and many which are unrelated, owes its appearance to our desire to minimize to ourselves the true magnitude of the whole problem. It is a significant and compelling feature of Claude Houghton's work that for the last 25 years he has consistently stressed the whole nature of the whole problem in relation to man, and has shown the answer seeking its recognition in and by man.

We have become so accustomed to thinking of separate problems, so intent upon what we take to be our progress towards their solution, that we have come to assume that there is no problem which cannot ultimately be solved by the organized efforts of society. All Houghton's work focuses our attention on our own assumptions, and on the appalling havoc we cause by trying to underpin a structure of social values which have no basis but expediency, without ever seeking to make sure of the foundations of our beliefs. So great is the pressure of events, so keen material competition, that a man must be strong indeed if he is to live by fundamental values constantly reaffirmed. Yet anything less than that is existence merely, masquerading as life.

When, today, out of the multitudinous perplexities which beset us, we ask what we are to do, where we are to find and recognize the values by which we can live, we ask because we are desperate for an answer, for vision instead of illusion. The greater our sense of urgency to find an answer grows, the more insistently we shall ask, hoping to find an answer to our need in everything we see, hear and read. In face of this urgent need the responsibility of the novelist is great. Understandably enough, people turn to novels for entertainment which will ease, at least for a time, the burden of daily life. But entertainment alone can give at best brief respite. We need that something more than entertainment which the novels of Houghton provide. In them there is no lack of the interest and excite-

ment which go with good plots, excellent stories well told, and brilliant, sensitive characterization. Our attention is first arrested by his powerful style, by his fine handling of dialogue, by his acute and sympathetic portrayal of character, and it is held by the suspense and the skilful unfolding of every story. But the ultimate value of these novels is centred not on plot, story, or characters, because these are themselves centred on the spiritual vision and conviction of the author.

It is the constancy of the vision which informs all Houghton's work which finally compels and holds us, which makes us return to his novels again and again, long after the stories have become part of conscious memory. We return to his novels because, as our own experience grows, as, superficially, times change, as the emphasis on material and moral desiderata shifts, we need increasingly the assurance that there are values which are constant, and that it is elsewhere than in the material world that they are to be found. Yet, however great our need, we shall not be willing to accept assurance from any one who cannot show us clearly that he is aware of the cataclysmic happenings in the world of actuality and that his vision of the certainties which are eternal lives in and transforms that awareness.

In Houghton's novels we meet people like ourselves, faced by the same temptations and illusions, the same weaknesses and the same longings. Through them Houghton proves his awareness of material chaos, and of the spiritual constant which alone can bring order out of it. He is fully alive to every present crisis, and, because he is certain that only a change of heart and a spiritual concept of life can save us from the catastrophes which threaten to annihilate us, he can recognize the potency and danger of new creeds and dogmas, can penetrate their secrets and expose their fallacious promises. The kind of secular creed which will not "accommodate all of a man's experience" is seen for what it is, in *Six Lives and a Book*, in Kent's contention that "A man had to have a one-pointed objective, and this involved concentration on his dominant desire," and that "any attempt to accommodate the whole of a man's experience produced only chaos."

That is all very well if one is prepared to deny parts of one's experience—but in the end one is forced to realize that the attainment of a "one-pointed objective" can be achieved only by a whole man grown to his fullest stature. Such wholeness and growth are made possible not by denial of any of the aspects of a man's life, but by recognition of them all and of the spirit which informs and integrates them, constant in the midst of chaos.

That which sets Houghton apart from the majority of his contemporaries is the constancy of his vision. There is in his work great evidence of "ever-expanding inner growth,"

growth which enables him to see clearly and to feel acutely the hopes and fears of men in face of horror and distress. He neither seeks to encourage us by facile optimism, nor to release us from responsibility for the evils in the world by suggesting, as do so many, that it is force of circumstance and not we ourselves that must be held to account for our acts or for our failures. Rather he stresses that it is our immediate responsibility to understand the evils around and within us and, like Ivor Trent, to re-assess the values by which we live :—

"Why, what is our civilization—our pride in 'our dominion over Nature' —but one vast conspiracy to escape from the terrible nature of our emptiness? More and more we live 'outside' ourselves. We blind our eyes with seeing, deafen our ears with hearing. Bigger and bigger grow our buildings, mightier and mightier our cities, in the frenzied hope that outward visible triumphs will so hypnotize us that we shall forget our inward spiritual squalor. Noise, sensation, speed —those are our gods. We, who dare not be silent, dare not think, dare not be still, lest we should see the ghosts we have become."

Trent here depicts the period between the wars, during which we endeavoured to camouflage material poverty and spiritual waste under the flauntings of false prosperity. Central to this period, in Houghton's work, are Sir Keith Petersley, in *Chaos Is Come Again*, and Ralph and Marjorie Dawes, in *Passport to Paradise*. Petersley and Dawes both "went to the war in a spirit of passionate idealism"; both face disillusionment and the disintegration of everything they have believed in, in the years after the war. For Petersley, an era has ended—he is astray in a world he no longer understands, because it is ruled according to alien standards. Like Dawes, he sees that life "has been reduced to the level of a smash-and-grab raid," to the level of a swindle. As he tells Dexter, he "joined the swindle," but, because he lacked the perverted instincts of the other competitors, he lost.

For Dawes the end of the war he fought, believing that he was helping to end all wars, has destroyed his last illusion. Marjorie tells Merle :—

"I tell you that the war was a crusade for Ralph. He even expected homes fit for heroes....Well, if you remember, victory did not bring a new world....So Ralph—adjusted his outlook. And he did it overnight. And he did it very thoroughly."

When the moment of near-bankruptcy, material and moral, arrives, he draws on the only capital to hand —the folly and illusion of other men. The strength of fire which carried him through the war turns to a strength of ice in the post-war chaos. His life, which typifies the appalling waste of tremendous power, is an indictment of the society in which such waste can be allowed. His own anguish of spirit is but half-understood even by Marjorie, but she, in spite of the wretchedness of her own life, reveals, in her con-

versation with Merle, that she has not destroyed her own intuitive perception:—

"But what gets me, Merle, is that there's something in him which he never shows to anyone—something he's absolutely alone with....God only knows what goes on inside him! It's something red-hot, although he seems as cold as an icicle."

The self which Dawes is forced to present to the world is but a caricature of the self within, sustained by the hidden power which Marjorie divines but cannot understand. And it is to the unspoken response of that secret self that Brent speaks:—

"The dominant fact, as I see it, is that a new element has entered human affairs."

"What's that?"

"Extremity has invaded life."

Dawes himself is the living proof of Brent's proposition. It is significant that it is he alone who fully understands the extremity which invades Merle's personal life. As Brent proceeds to elaborate his argument, it is to Dawes' most hard-won knowledge that he gives expression:

"But it is still true that men have to find a meaning to life. They must believe in a hierarchy in which humanity has place and purpose. The alternative is despair—with its brood of horrors....We're dubious of fine phrases about mankind. On the evidence there isn't much love in human nature. If anyone disagrees with that statement, he'd better compare what a country will spend in war with what a country will spend in peace. Fear has a longer purse than love. The simple fact is that Napoleon is the idol of the Western world. Christ is only an ideal."

Extremity has invaded life—and the invasion continues. Only when we are aware of the peril shall we recognize the opportunity, and realize that the only strength which can stand against the power of evil is the strength of the spirit. Only when we realize the diabolic nature of the havoc and waste in our lives, "the terrible nature of our emptiness," and "our inward spiritual squalor," shall we understand the full significance of the truth perceived by Bruce Winter in *Birthmark*—that what concerns us is to earn a *living*, unlike most men who merely earn a dying. Our need to reach that understanding is extreme. It is the need for life itself, the deepest hunger of our hearts, which no substitute can stay. We have been offered plans for living and philosophies of life, but we know, although we cannot always define this to ourselves, that philosophy is powerless to save us, that it is not by the intellect that intimations of salvation are apprehended. Houghton's realization of these facts has already been acclaimed by a Swedish critic writing on *Julian Grant Loses His Way*:

"Houghton rejects intellectualism as a predominant power in human life. Intellectualism cannot set free or deliver. Neither thought, nor reason, is of itself enough. On the contrary, as isolated and dominant factors they are destructive."

It is the terrible destructive power of rationalization which Sir Keith Petersley comes to understand :—

"...everything that cannot be defended on rational grounds is going to be swept away. That fact is going to make the world hell—for none of the realities are capable of a rational justification....Today everything is plotted and planned to a hair....We walk by facts—not faith. We demand a rationally perceived end before we make a move of any kind."

The scope of the intellect is vast; our powers of reasoning from observed phenomena can tell us what, other things being equal, will happen. But all the time what we really want to know is: What happens when other things are *not* equal? The intellect is at home in a world in which calculation, however theoretical, is possible, in which "rationally perceived ends" are—rational. Once we have realized the existence of a realm, beyond the materially calculable, in which there are constant values, the intellect can do no more than obtrude itself uselessly with suggestions which are applicable only in a world where the answers we need for ever elude us. It is at this point, where purely material existence is recognized as impossible, that, as Houghton clearly shows, spiritual awareness becomes possible, and must be accepted—or rejected. In *Chaos Is Come Again*, Adrian Petersley says :—

"I'm only interested in one type—those who find life as it's lived impossible....From them something new can come—and only from them."

Later in the same conversation he tells Dexter where hope, for him, lies :—

"We must alter—or perish. That's the issue. But no external alteration can save us. You don't get anywhere by reshuffling marked cards. Where everything is corrupt, all things have to be made new. That is the peril—and the opportunity—of extremity. We've reached the end of all the old roads, and every one of them led to chaos. But when the world becomes impossible you recognize that it's unreal....I've surrendered to something which is happening in me. I can't explain it more precisely than that. I don't understand it, and I'm not going to limit it by trying to give it a name."

It is clear that he is one of those from whom something new can come. His adventure, which is nothing less than the taking up of a spiritual challenge, is akin to that of Ivor Trent once he realizes that he can no longer "evade his spiritual destiny," and akin to the adventure of Christopher Bell in *All Change, Humanity !*

It has been said of Houghton that "to read his name on a novel is to remember that this is the man who takes spiritual adventure for his theme, expresses it in terms of today and—most memorable of all—makes it exciting." The only quarrel one can have with that penetrating statement is whether the most memorable thing is that Houghton makes his theme exciting, or that he presents it as possible, and presents it

through people like ourselves, of the stuff of everyday, subject to the sins and weaknesses of all men. Christopher Bell is no exception; moreover, we are compelled to realize that, after his vision is granted to him, it is the power of the vision which is great, not Christopher himself. Drake says of him :—

"...it would not have affected me in the least if he had paraded his power. Had he behaved as if he knew he were a unique being, I should have marked him off as just another modern mystery monger. But he did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he made you feel that his way of life was inevitable—as inevitable as the swaying of barley in the breeze."

For Christopher many of the apparent problems of daily life have become, as Drake says, irrelevant. It is clear that they must be irrelevant once one has accepted even the possibility of such vision as that granted to Christopher, once one has realized the significance of Mavers's statement, in *Six Lives and a Book*:—

"...our essential lives are concerned with principalities and powers, and our human relationships are a reflection of our combat with those powers and principalities."

That is the level at which our essential lives are lived, at which the questions which torment us are to be seen in their true colours, and at which the answers we crave are to be found. At that level alone can we see that the problem of evil is one problem, and that the one answer lies in spiritual redemption. When we fail to realize this, or from sheer apathy seek oblivion by submerging ourselves in the deadening monotony of daily existence, we risk yielding ourselves to the primal darkness of chaos. It is those dark corners of our being which are hostages to chaos that Houghton illuminates, making us aware, by the power of his vision, by his profound insight into the workings of the human mind, and his awareness of the spiritual combat, that in the realm of the spirit alone is there strength able to redeem, and to deliver us from evil.

M. E. OVERTON

VAISHYA DHARMA

THE ETHICS OF ECONOMIC LIFE

[**Shri M. A. Venkata Rao,** formerly a Professor in the University of Mysore, here draws from an ancient Indian text, the *Arthasastra* of Kautilya, a pattern of practical statescraft and a theory of the social order that may be worth the attention of modern administrators seeking a preventive of exploitation and a *via media* between unrestrained self-interest and the regimentation of the individual in the interest of the State.—ED.]

The chief source of the instability of modern civilization, leading to destructive war and uneasy peace and neutralizing the marvellous advances in science and organization, is to be traced to a basic flaw in the current ethics of economic life. Trade and industry, in all their stages—of production, exchange, distribution and consumption—are ill regulated in the interests of social welfare and harmony. Hence the menace of class war and the distinctive clamour in favour of Communism. The criticism advanced by Leftist thought, that the modern world has surrendered to the class interests of capital and that it is interested only in reformation, that is to say, in temporary palliatives of social security, such as unemployment insurance and health insurance, has a very wide appeal. To trust to social security measures to correct the unbalance of economic forces is, it is urged by revolutionary leaders, like hoping to abolish war by efficient Red Cross relief measures.

Has Indian thought any light to throw on this predicament of the contemporary world ?

It is proposed to consider in this article what assistance we might derive from the Indian idea of *dharma* as exemplified in Indian administration at its best, such as that of the Mauryas. Fortunately for us, we have a full record of this in Kautilya's *Arthasastra*.

At the outset we are struck by the orientation given to the problems of economics and politics. The science of wealth, *varta*, and the science of government, *dandaniti*, are expounded as subordinate to the triple Veda and the secular speculative sciences such as *Samkhya*, *Yoga* and *Lokayata*.

The economic and political spheres of life are seen as subordinate to spiritual and philosophical principles at their best. Human values are set against the cosmic background. This order of value or preference is no mere theory. For we see in the actual functioning of Government departments, according to the *Arthasastra*, that the State claims the whole of life for its province, but under the control of *dharma*. There is no quarter given to any theory of *laissez-faire* in the matter of econ-

omic classes. The merchant class has to function under law and the law follows the trader and the manufacturer into every stage of their operations and governs them in the interest of the general welfare. Indeed the idea of a welfare state is seen to operate in the prolific legislation of the Mauryas. The scope of State regulation is as wide as social life itself.

A few examples will bring this point home to us :

1. The Superintendent of Weaving is enjoined, in addition to his main duty of supervising the manufacture and trade in cloth, thread, yarn, rope, etc., to provide spinning and weaving work to needy women who do not wish to stir out of their homes, to those whose husbands have gone abroad and those who are crippled, to girls and others when obliged to work for their sustenance. This should be done in all courtesy, through the medium of a woman employed by the weaving establishments.

2. This social security provision is in addition to the usual facilities given to men of learning, retired officials, soldiers, and others who had rendered meritorious services to society.

3. Social security in the full modern sense is provided in the *Arthasastra*[1] :—

The King shall provide orphans, the aged, the infirm, the afflicted and the helpless with maintenance. Also subsistence to helpless women when pregnant and to the children when born.

And the warning is given that persons who become ascetics without providing for wife and children will be punished.

4. Consider the social conscience in the regulation that, at ferries and toll-gates, commodities for marriage taken by a bride, and the belongings of pregnant women, should be free of toll. Student travellers should also be free of fee or toll.

5. The post-war world is vexed with the problem of the profiteer and the black marketeer. We find Kautilya laying down special regulations to control such unscrupulous merchants. There is a whole chapter in the Fourth Book devoted to "protection against merchants." It is laid down that

merchants who conspire to prevent the sale of merchandise or to sell or purchase commodities at higher prices shall be fined 1000 panas.

The Superintendent of Commerce is enjoined

to fix a profit of 5% over the fixed price of local commodities and 10% over that of foreign produce. Merchants who enhance the price or realize profit even to the extent of half a pana more than the above in the sale or purchase of commodities shall be punished with a fine of 5 panas for every 100 panas up to 200 panas. Greater fines will be levied for greater enhancement of prices.

As regards food grains, only

[1] Kautilya's *Arthasastra*, Dr. SHAMASASTRY'S Translation, 3rd Edition, Book II, Chapter I, p. 47.

authorized merchants are to collect and deal in them.[2]

These rules yield the conclusion that the ancient world did not sit with folded hands before the depredations of the profiteer. Hoarding and refusal to sell at approved prices were against the law and were punished. Conspiring by merchants to put up prices was an offence punished by heavy fines. Further, these regulations were enforced by the Department of Commerce, presided over by a Superintendent with a country-wide network of subordinate officials. Recent Indian historical research has shown that the regulations of Kautilya were not mere text-book affairs, figuring only in academic learning. They were in force for generations and formed the basic framework of administration in all the later kingdoms founded through the centuries during times of revival and reconstruction.

These and other texts bear a lesson for the modern world. It is, that economic life should be regulated throughout its arc from its source in production or collection of the stock in trade, through exchange and distribution to consumption. The mistake of current practice is to let production proceed without regulation (or with slipshod regulation) and to try to remedy the resulting mischief by palliatives such as social security measures.

Another suggestion that emerges is the idea that commerce or wealth-making is not an end in itself. Merchants and manufacturers have to get accustomed to the notion that they are engaged in discharging a trust for society. Much of the trouble of the present order of society is that producers are given the dominant voice in the *how* of their "mystery." High taxation is supposed to be a sufficient check on them. This measure is seen to be insufficient, and hence the Indian view of the inclusive scope of *dharma*, as covering all the stages of the economic process, is particularly valuable.

The idea of *dharma* stands for the co-ordination of class interests with a view to the welfare of society. It is opposed to all ideas of class antagonism and class war. Extreme class hostility such as is practised in Marxism proceeds as a reaction against extreme claims of the possessing classes of the right to play the dominating rôle. This view of social solidarity is objected to by Communist thinkers as being the class concept of the State based on the exploitation of the poor who have nothing but labour to offer. On this view they claim that all older forms of society, including the Indian, support class oppression by philosophy, erecting a hierarchy as part of the eternal structure of social life. They condemn the doctrine of *dharma* as camouflage to hide such class domination under the plea of co-ordination.

As a corollary, these critics develop the notion of the State and its governmental machinery as essen-

[2] *Ibid.*, Book IV, Chapter II, p. 233.

tially the handmaid of capital or the owning class, with the King as the ornamental apex of the social pyramid.

But a study of Indian ideas on government and economic life, *dandaniti* and *varta*, as we find them in the *Code of Manu* and the *Arthasastra*, will reveal little justification for this sort of attack based on modern ideologies. In the first place, the class engaged in economic production is not accorded the first rank in social honour. The *vaisyas* rank third in the order of social precedence. Money does not carry everything before it. The man of learning tops the ranks of society. The ruler and the soldier come next and the man of money only third, next above the class of servants.

A great deal of the prevailing perversion of values which distorts social life and misdirects ambition and energy will disappear if the Indian scale of values is recovered and incorporated into social thinking today in India and abroad. Society will acquire the tone of those whom it honours. The healthiest state of affairs is one in which values higher than worldly possessions receive honour and approval. Where it prevails the pace of modern life will be slowed down to a natural rhythm. Maximum production will no longer be the supreme objective of the economic organization.

From another point of view, the superiority of *dharma* or social harmony to notions of classless economy and polity will approve itself to the thoughtful observer. For the idea of *dharma* does not, as has been feared, impose class rule, the rule of royal dynasties, aristocratic families and wealthy oligarchies on the working classes. On the contrary, it deprives the top class, the intellectuals and spiritual directors, of all luxury and attachment to possessions. They are to live on the largesse of the political and economic classes, and are to influence them solely by the persuasiveness of truth, character, wisdom and real values. And the class of governors and administrators is also to function in accordance with law. Thus legislation in the fundamental sense was beyond the province of Indian rulers. It was the prerogative of sages.

Looking into the actual details of the administration we find no legislation in favour of the upper classes. On the contrary, an elaborate civil service drawn from the talented of all classes, including the *sudras*, is seen developing through the centuries. It is not devoted to the order of princes or the class of merchants. It is devoted to the State as a whole. Sardar K. M. Pannikkar and other scholars have recently shown how this ancient bureaucracy was the mainstay of the large States functioning in India through the centuries, passing unchanged into the State structure of the Moguls and lastly into the recent British administrative system.

Dharma, therefore, is not wedded to a social hierarchy in the Communist sense of class domination. It

stands for the common good, which is a synthesis of the interests of all natural classes in society. Natural classes are groups emerging in the course of the division of labour and individual competition, based upon *karma* and *guna*, conduct and character. Such a class structure is in the nature of things and has emerged even in societies professing, like the Russian Soviet State, to have abolished class; but where it persists based not on wealth but on power, which is worse.

Further, though *dharma* is declared to be eternal (*sanatana*), the actual network of laws governing social and political economy at any particular time is not laid down for all time. Every generation and every *yuga* will need to frame its own specific *milieu* in which to live its own life. Hence we find that over 100 *dharma-sastras* have come down to our times.

The philosophy and psychology of *dharma* proclaim that it is possible (and necessary) to evolve a class of rulers, namely, *kshatriyas*, drawn from all classes of society, who have sufficient *sattva* or spirituality to grasp truth and develop the requisite moral sensitiveness, and sufficient *rajas* or the qualities of grit, power and rulership to exercise the functions of government and defence. And they can be trained to think for all and act for all in peace and war. If it is said that this is contrary to human psychology, the claim of the Communist Party to function as the advance guard of the rule of the proletariat will become equally vulnerable. The Indian idea of *dharma* neutralizes the evil tendencies inherent in the exercise of power by the *kshatriya* and those pertaining to the creation and possession of wealth by the *vaisya*, by the illuminating and beneficent influence of truth reinforced by public opinion.

Another value of the philosophy of *dharma* derives from a pluralist view of social duties, virtues and values. All classes are not expected to model themselves on the same pattern, all trying to become Fords or Carnegies or Edisons, or Eisenhowers. The social mind is not dominated by any one ruling passion or ruling ideal. Society is expected to be served, on the contrary, by different types of excellence—that of the scientific inquirer, the philosophic thinker, the creative administrator, the warrior uncontaminated by personal ambition, the merchant and the industrialist who create wealth in legitimate ways, exhibiting their own skills and capacities in management and productive efficiency. The result is a rich, multi-dimensional society offering different spheres of stimuli and example to aspiring youth, thus enabling each type to follow its own inherent genius and career. Progress will thus be more rapid and society will be richer in the diversity of genius of its members.

From this point of view, the present controversy which divides the world into two blocs, one championing individual enterprise and the other state management,

will be seen to be needless and largely misdirected. For neither of the two systems is an end in itself. The value of either lies entirely in the extent to which it promotes *dharma* in the society that commits itself to it. And *dharma* has the two aspects, distinguishable but indivisible, of individual self-realization and social well-being.

Hence we find the *Arthasastra* laying down regulations providing for full State control without mechanical State ownership or State management of all industries. It provides for State enterprise in mineral and forest production, if and where needed, without excluding private enterprise where this is forthcoming. It provides for State action in times of famine, as in the founding of new colonies in waste places. It provides for confiscation of the lands of these who allow them to lie waste. The State provides the framework of facilities such as safe roads, irrigation systems, river transport, and even ocean shipping, and also a system of social security. And it supervises the entire functioning of the whole class of traders and industrialists in the interests of the general welfare.

The conclusion emerges that, in Indian theory and practice, the idea of *dharma* as applied to economic life is capable of suggesting a social and political economy lifting modern thought and practice in these fields to more inclusive and fruitful points of view, while avoiding the social poisons of class war and violent communist upheaval.

M. A. VENKATA RAO

AVICENNA AND LEONARDO DA VINCI

The intellectual giant of versatile genius who illumines every field on which he brings his brilliant mind to bear always makes a lasting mark on human culture and serves as inspiration to the millions plodding along behind him on the evolutionary road.

Such men were Avicenna, the Arabian savant, philosopher, physician, mystic and poet, and Leonardo da Vinci, luminary of the Renaissance in Italy, artist, sculptor, scientist and engineer. Such men would have been ornaments in any age. The celebrations of the Millinary of Avicenna and the Quingentenary of Leonardo at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, took the form of Special Meetings on March 20th and April 15th, at which were read masterly papers especially prepared for the Institute by Dr. H. J. J. Winter and Prof. O. C. Gangoly, on Avicenna and Leonardo, respectively, the latter illustrated with lantern slides and an exhibition of books on Leonardo.

MUSEUMS AND CONTEMPORARY EDUCATION

[**Dr. Alma S. Wittlin**, author of *The Museum: Its History and Tasks in Education*, brings to the writing of this suggestive article, on the educational possibilities of museums, considerable experience in museum work in Central Europe and in the University Museum of Archæology and Anthropology in Cambridge. She has conducted an inquiry into the use of museum material in the education of children, under the ægis of the Ministry of Education and the National Foundation for Educational Research for England and Wales, and last year was invited by the American Museum of Natural History, New York, to study museums in the Eastern and Mid-Western States and to write a report on their educational work.—ED.]

Ask people in Europe (and maybe in India too) where their local theatre is, their university or their public library, and you are likely to be guided to the place of your interest, but do not expect the same if you ask for the local museum. Some will know it, others will look surprised; they may not even understand the very word. "Museum" is an unfortunate word, carrying slight meaning for the majority of people; to others it may be marred by memories of regimented school visits to an endless series of halls filled with objects so numerous and strange to a child that its quality became defeated by its quantity; or by memories of some puzzling exhibit in the intimidating surroundings of a palatial building where a lay person not familiar with the intricacies of archæology or science went to learn or to enjoy himself, and left feeling not equal to the task, and accordingly despondent. Others, of course, may have to tell of a very different experience in a museum: of having felt elated by the sight of a carved stone which thousands of years ago had formed part of a temple and which to the knowledgeable and sensitive beholder echoed the voice and spirit of a great saint; of having feasted one's eyes on a beautiful painting; of having felt stimulated by exhibits in a natural history museum, which illustrated some step in evolution from unicellular beings to mammals.

Originally the word Museum meant Realm of the Muses, the daughters of the Greek god Zeus, who by their dance and song helped men to forget sorrow and anxiety and who were credited with creative imagination, infinite memory and foresight. The institution first known as a Museum was in Alexandria, where the Ptolemy rulers of the third century B.C. founded a large research institute which set itself the encyclopædic task of surveying all the available knowledge of the period. There was a famous library, and there were certain collections—statues of thinkers, votive donations, astronomical

and surgical instruments, hides of rare animals—that formed part of the research equipment. It is, however, not the object of this brief essay to recount the history of the museum, but to deal with the tasks of the museum at present and, maybe, in the future.

Museums are as a rule pigeon-holed according to their contents, as museums of art, archæology, natural history, science, arts and crafts, history and so on; in addition, though less frequently, there are health museums, museums of industry, of toys, of furniture, of textiles and so on. The classification is similar to that in libraries, and there is a school of thought that refers to museums as "libraries of objects." Another classification is as University Museums, School Museums, Educational Museums, Museums for Children, Museums for Mother or Child or Agricultural Museums. These imply two somewhat different approaches. A collection may be owned by a university or a school, or an association of farmers, and very probably be of a character suitable for their particular needs; or it may be owned by an individual, a private association or a public authority, but serve a clearly defined function—the education of children, the improvement of the illiterate housewife in matters of hygiene, or the shaping of public opinion with regard to racial or religious prejudice. On the whole, classification according to contents prevails in Europe, whereas a tendency to emphasize the many-sided educational function characterizes the museums in the United States and in Soviet Russia, though the emphasis may differ in strength and slant from one institution to another.

In Europe the evolutionary tradition of the museum makes the public institution of the 20th century, the epoch of mass education, a descendant of private collections of princes and learned students : small wonder that, more often than not, the public museum in Europe falls somewhat short of the fulfilment of its potentialities, in spite of numerous attempts at reform in the last few decades. Such concessions as have been made consist in a reduction in the number of the exhibits, in the choice of pleasing background colours, in the wording of labels, and, occasionally, in the organization of the material in a case to a story-telling unit : how birds fly ; how the human skull developed ; what different crafts flourished at a certain time in a certain place. [1] Ventures in making special arrangements for children are conspicuous among the reforms : loans to schools, educationists as museum officers, rooms and programmes for children which enable them to handle material, to ask questions, to make their own collections. [2]

[1] Pioneering reform work has been done in Scandinavian museums.

[2] An excellent museum for children exists in the Hague. In England fine work for children is done in the Geffrye Museum and the Natural History Museum in London, and in the Educational Museum in Haslemere.

Special efforts were made after the war to make public museums more attractive to the non-specialist, but little evidence exists that these efforts were systematic or went far enough. Even in those cases in which attendance numbers would seem to give credit to the existing arrangements, the evidence may be deceptive; it remains unestablished whether the visitors left the museum satisfied; whether they truly benefited from their visit; how many of them will come again; in what relation the attendance in the museum stands to attendance at the local cinema; how many would visit the museum if required to pay an entrance fee.

A few years ago the writer had the opportunity of interviewing in England several hundred persons—adults and children, university graduates and people of lesser educational privilege, men and women—and some of their statements on the existing condition in museums may be quoted here. They suggested:—

"They [the museums,] are generally bad...physically tiring...."

"There should be more space... things should be less crammed."

"Museums are too crowded with objects....It needs a guide to make them alive."

"The material side is given too much attention....I should prefer to see things which concern the inner nature of human life."

"Museum buildings are generally bad....I should like to see them plain, clean, airy."

"So frequently the exhibits are just put in rows with a card saying where they came from, and one goes out feeling considerably more muddled than one went in."

These few statements criticizing certain features of museums imply positive demands of the public, and to them can be added direct statements made in the course of the enquiry mentioned. When asked to give their views on the potential services of the museum people stated:—

"The exhibition is more vivid than a book."

"One should combine exhibitions with discussions."

"A show gives more pleasure than reading...a more comprehensive and comparative idea of the matter ...at one view."

"I like to see real objects...to use my own judgment."

"The human side of a matter comes out better in an exhibition."

These statements could be continued for some time. It appears from this and other experimental exhibitions conducted by the writer in England, and by museum educationists in the United States, that as a rule both children and adults absorb information more readily from exhibitions than from books, provided that the exhibition takes into account the fundamental ways of working of the human mind and that those responsible for the arrangements do not deceive themselves into believing that their subject is of such intrinsic interest that it will mirac-

ulously transform every lay person into an expert student.

One intrinsic value of most museum exhibits is that it is *real*, in a twofold sense : (1) It is a genuine sample of life, a mineral, a machine or a statue; and (2) Usually it is three-dimensional and, though beholders may not actually be able to handle it, they feel that it is tactile. It is concrete, as distinguished from the abstractness of words and symbols of writing. And there is nothing between one and the experience of a firsthand record. All that is necessary to make this record effective is to give people a chance of seeing it properly—sufficiently separated from neighbouring exhibits, against a suitable background and in a good light; and, further, to supplement it with an appropriate description, brief, simple and devoted to essentials. (It would not appear altogether necessary to begin a label, for example, with the name of the donor—whom the casual visitor may perhaps mistake for the maker of the object !) There may be good reasons to limit arrangements to the presentation of separate exhibits, each telling its own story; but there may be occasions when the interpretation may proceed further, and combine a number of single objects in some coherent sequence.

Let us consider an exhibition introducing one group of people to another group, or, in other words, one country to another. Frequently we are shown an exhibition of art originating in one country; it may be Holland or Egypt or Mexico. Obviously there was in each country a particular period when the arts particularly flourished, and the less initiated spectator, viewing Dutch paintings of the 19th century or Egyptian art of 4000 B.C., may be misled into believing that people in those countries at present go dressed like the figures in the images, and that they still live according to the customs illustrated in those objects of art. As a result, the spectators may leave the exhibition with the idea that those foreign peoples are "quaint"; their "otherness" may have its pleasing aspects, but nevertheless a gulf separates those who came to view and those whose work was viewed. Is it our purpose in this era of global neighbourliness to bring about any such or similar results? What could we do to retain the delights of the traditional art exhibition and to combine them with a background of information suited to contemporary mass education and potential world citizenship?

It has been said that every epoch must re-write its history books, and a similar view can be held of exhibitions. When the public museum was founded in Europe, mainly in the 18th and early 19th centuries, education was still limited to minority groups; education in citizenship was a term yet unknown; world-citizenship had the ring of a fairy-tale and the scientist was the rising dominant figure of society. This scientist's mind was so well stored with infor-

mation that he knew exactly what he was looking for when he entered his crowded museum; the strong beam of interest in his mind lit up the objects he wished to see, and the single exhibits were so many bricks filling the structure of the hypothesis which he carried in his mind. When he came to see a special exhibition of Dutch 17th-century paintings he would see them against a much larger exhibition hidden away in his memory: the comparative paintings of other countries, and the land and people of Holland who had created the particular canvases.

The imaginary scientist would have grown impatient if, in the exhibition, he had been confronted with a show illustrating the hypothesis of another scientist; such confrontations belonged between the two covers of a book or to the lecture rooms of learned societies. In the exhibition the principal visitor to the 19th-century museum desired to find raw material for thought. What does the 20th-century visitor mainly need and desire?

There is little doubt that any reasonably well presented art exhibition fulfils an important task: it heightens people's sensitivity; it broadens their intellectual and emotional horizon. Yet it is here contended that knowledge and sensitivity are not contradictory experiences and endowments, and that, in fact, those who understand better what they see are likely to react more forcibly to their impressions. There is considerable scope for improvement in our exhibitions of art, archæology, history and, in short, of any human activity or any aspect of the universe, by adding to the exhibits proper supplementary visual charts or graphic material that would illustrate the everyday life of a people, its historical development, the social conditions under which certain works of art were created, and so on.

The actual arrangement of an exhibition is comparable to a piece of orchestrated music: the single items must be in appropriate sequence and proportion to each other. There must be a pattern, a story, a drama. Sometimes there may be opportunity for the visitors to become participants of the exhibition: they may don garments of the historical period represented in the exhibits; they may dance the dances of a distant land connected with certain objects; they may try their hands at painting, sculpturing, weaving; they may discuss a rearrangement of the exhibition and set up an exhibition of their own.[3] They will soon discover that it is easier to conduct an argument in words than with the aid of actual objects which allow no digression from sharp-edged logic.

[3] In the course of her experimental exhibitions, the writer had opportunity for observing boys and girls at the age of 12-13 years arranging small exhibitions on such topics as "How Things Began" (the evolution of tools, housing, clothing, farming), "Making Fire—Making Light," "Money—what is it?" and watching the progress in visual logic and argument.

In the United States they have gone far in adapting the museum to the needs of the people. In many museums facilities exist for children: quiz sheets which stimulate them to seek out in the bewildering halls and among quantities of objects a few which are likely to engage their interest; introductory films present the people who, once in the past or recently in a foreign country, made the exhibited objects or used them. Some museums, among other functions, fill the rôle of a youth club. Instructors take the children out for field trips and help them in the studios and workshops where they paint and model, dance and perform on musical instruments, collect stamps and learn languages. The exhibits may be the starting points or they may provide a level of aspiration. In the museum clubs children from all kinds of homes mix freely and, what may be of even greater importance, exercise a greater measure of free choice than in school. There they learn that once they have decided what group they will join for a term—the botanists or bird watchers or the mineralogists or the students of Indianm asks, or what not—they will have to stick to their self-imposed task and grow with it, receive a badge or a higher-club membership, or fail and possibly lose the right to join any other museum activity.

Countries with greater freedom from traditional orthodoxy in museology than Europe has, have a chance of adding to the evolution of the museum in this epoch of mass education and adaptation to world citizenship. There is no reason why the contents of museums should be limited to the customary categories —art, archæology, science and so on. Why not choose your museum contents from the point of view of the most pressing needs of people for knowledge? Why not more frequently have museums of health, of hygiene in the home, of soil cultivation, of co-operation and human relations? Why not study the possibilities of integrating two or more disciplines—science and history, or natural history and health, or religion and co-operation—in changing exhibits? Who is going to give us the Museum of Human Progress, or the Museum of Ideas and Ideals, where the great events of our brief, known human history would stand before us: the discovery of fire-making; of the making of tools (those artificial limbs that make man the most powerful creature); of writing, and so opening the doors between different ages and areas; of religious insights that gave humanity a sense of direction; of scientific inventions that have reduced our suffering through disease.

It would be a museum of the great anonymous MAN, and of men of many tongues and lands, and its story—its innumerable stories—could be connected with a variety of exhibition techniques and types of public participation, and integrated with literature and music. It would or should be a dynamic museum, with ever-changing and

itinerating exhibitions shown wherever occasion occurs, in exhibition halls, in shacks, in schools and women's institutes, and outdoors, where the climate is not too inclement. Let us remember the motives and effects of both ancient drama and modern psychology and derive from both these rich sources inspiration for the creation of the Museum of the Future.

ALMA S. WITTLIN

AN IMPORTANT IDEA

A tendency disquieting from more than one point of view was discussed by a veteran American Indologist, Prof. Walter E. Clark, long of Harvard University, in his presidential address at the annual meeting of the American Oriental Society in March 1951, which is published in that Society's October-December *Journal*. It is, he writes, the tendency of the present generation to turn from the Vedic literature and comparative philology, with which Indian studies in the United States had previously been chiefly concerned, to later phases of Indian civilization. Interest in modern India and Indian cultural history is natural, as India is now an independent nation playing its part on the world stage, but it is none the less unwise to ignore the roots in studying the tree. It is a superficial approach to disregard the past and its lessons except where these have an obvious and demonstrable bearing on the present.

India no less than America has to be on her guard against regarding all education as

> a technical training in applied science, applied social science, and applied humanities; merely a few years of technical training in which the study of books plays considerable part, after which a man throws away his books and spends the rest of his life in activities.

To lay aside books and spend one's time chiefly in activities, Professor Clark warns, threatens the drying up of the source from which the application is to be made.

It is a grave mistake in the case of a country which at one time rose to heights far greater than those on which she stands today, or promises to stand in the near future, to abjure the contemplation of the achievements of the past. This is to reject a potent stimulus to more ardent striving towards the moral, intellectual and spiritual heights. Considerations of immediate expediency must not be allowed to obscure humanity's deeper needs.

WHAT INDIA CAN LEARN FROM AUSTRALIA

[In this informative and suggestive article, **Miss S. Paranjpye**, whose book, *Three Years in Australia*, was published recently, brings out how far short of the ideal of universal brotherhood human relations in India fall. There are several good suggestions for application by our countrymen, but none more important than that all begin to treat others as fellow beings, rising above the false distinctions of class and wealth. It is a salutary and timely reminder that she gives to Indians of the fortunate classes.—ED.]

Geologically both India and Australia are very old countries. The Australian pattern, however, has undergone such a radical change that she is looked upon as a young country. Her present set-up is so wholly unconnected with her past that she can very well be said to have started a new life from scratch, less than scratch perhaps, for it was as a convict settlement that she drew her first breath. India, on the other hand, whatever the number of political changes she underwent and howsoever often she was invaded by peoples of different civilizations and faiths, has a thread of continuity running through her system. She either absorbed new ideas or found a way of living and letting live in comparative amity with those who brought them.

The India of today, though bound to her past by manifold bonds, is striving to make a new beginning. She has gained independence and is groping to find a stable, secure and democratic way of life. Social equality and equal opportunities for all are her proclaimed objectives. Australia has attained these objectives to a remarkable degree. Social values are strikingly different in this new world. I had a taste of this difference the very first day we set foot in Australia. All the morning we were shown over Perth, the beautiful city of the West. For lunch we pulled in at a hotel and took our seats at a table reserved for us. To my amazement I saw the chauffeur of our car sit down at the same table. It was a shock and a lesson which I shall never forget, were I to live to be a thousand. That he should have his meal at the same hotel and in the same room was unusual enough, but that he should join our very party was astounding. And yet, why should it be? We had been together in the same car for a few hours. Was it not perfectly natural that we should eat at the same table?

The trouble was with me. I had heard of human equality, read about it, even preached it but had not practised it. I had never even imagined that it could be practised in so simple and natural a manner.

How could I have, when in India the differences of class and caste are so deeply ingrained in our minds ? What master would ask his servant even to be seated in his presence and what servant would do it were he to be asked ? We discriminate in our very forms of address. The master talks to his servant in the singular. Even a toddling youngster of the master's family does the same. But holy horrors, if a servant should dream of doing likewise !

Here is something which every one of us could do without having any Acts of Parliament passed about it. Excepting friends and relations, we address every one in the plural. It inculcates a feeling of self and mutual respect. I for one have been doing so since I returned from Australia and have never had cause to regret it. Whether it was the *hamal* at station, or the *tonga-walla* who took me home, or the woman from whom I bought my vegetables on the way, I discovered that the effect of addressing them as they addressed me was miraculous. When it came to settling the accounts they never asked for more than their due. No time was wasted in higgling and arguing. We were equals.

Occasionally we read in the press of tea parties being given to the *peons* and *chaprasis* by high officials. Such gestures, though a move in the right direction, have an unfortunate element of condescension and humility on the parts of the host and the guests, respectively. In Australia an employee thinks himself in no way inferior to his employer, neither does the latter think himself in any way superior to the former. While we were on tour, our Australian driver not only had a drink with us but often had his round and called for drinks for us. Every one behaves towards every one else as one man towards another with a natural feeling of equality. Humble birth is no handicap and noble birth no advantage. Family fortune or position does not count; a person is judged on his own intrinsic merit. Even Cabinet Ministers at a football match are like so many of the crowd. It is bad form to expect special attention and servile to give it.

Let alone any feeling of equality towards our domestic staff, oftentimes we do not even treat them as human beings. However late we are in coming home we expect them to wait. Every member of the household has to be fed before they can have a bite. The food they get is not what we eat, unless it is some of our leftovers. In the morning they have to be up before us. And all through the day they toil for us, we taking them for granted. If we talk to them it is only to give orders or to scold them for having failed to carry orders out. We never share any of our thoughts or emotions with them. I wonder if we even credit them with any human feelings. Theirs is a life of all work and no play.

In Australia the picture is totally different. To begin with, "help"

or " domestic help " is how you refer to the house staff. They receive high wages and enjoy a complete holiday on Sundays and get another half-day off every week. On work-days, when it is time for them to leave they do so without bothering about finishing their work. They eat before their employers and no differentiation is made as regards food. The entire island continent dines at six in the evening so as to enable the house and hotel staff to be free by 8 p.m. to go to the pictures and enjoy the evening. Even under these lordly conditions domestic help is hard to procure and harder to retain. Ordinarily, therefore, people try to do without it, by practising self-help.

This is another matter besides social equality which we could with advantage learn from our Australian neighbours. Self-help, though a virtue made by necessity in Australia, is none the less worthy of being emulated by us. The moment a child can make co-ordinated movements he is taught to do things for himself and for the family. From the day he is born he is fed and changed at regular intervals, but no one sits by him the whole day. If he gets sick he receives necessary attention but is not otherwise fussed over. He soon learns to be happy by himself. He accompanies his mother in his pram on all her errands and incidentally gets his outing. Because into howsoever rich a family he may be born, " Mummy " often has to do everything about the house herself. Domestic help is such an uncertain and rare luxury that she cannot depend upon it. More often than not, Mummy is her own cook, maid, and laundress. She makes the beds, does the cooking, washes up, cleans the silver, minds the baby and knits in her spare time.

Of course " Daddy " gives her a hand with the washing up in the evenings. Over week-ends he chops the wood for her, mows the lawn, prunes or sprays the trees and keeps the household well furnished with fruit, vegetables and flowers. Daddy loves his garden and directly he gets back from work he gets into his overalls and digs, weeds, sows, waters and does everything else about the garden. Hoses, sprays and other mechanical implements facilitate his work. Perhaps once a week a paid gardener comes along but Daddy does not count on him.

Under these circumstances, must not a little tot learn to do things for himself and help Mummy and Daddy? Clean his shoes, set and clear the table, pick the fruit and vegetables, feed the chickens, dry the dishes and do the shopping, as he grows up? Of course he can play and make a lot of noise and even be naughty at times but he has to bear his share of the housework. And if Mummy decides to give him a baby brother or a sister he must help her look after the newcomer.

Australian homes are compact and a number of gadgets simplify the work. A delivery box is installed

outside every home, where the baker and the milkman leave their goods according to the notes left for them the previous evening. It saves their time and that of the housewife as well. The laundryman calls once a week at a fixed time and so does the grocer. Monday is the day for doing the washing at home and Tuesday may be the day on which the vacuum cleaner makes itself heard. Wednesday may be the day for ironing and Thursday for mending. Friday would be indicated to do the week-end shopping and on Saturday there are the races.

The weekly calendar is well regulated and the refrigerator and the telephone are godsends. Labour-saving devices are commonly used and once you know that you are the only servant you can count on having, you are forced to plan and organize to reduce your work to a minimum. It is amazing how lucidly you can think under the circumstances and cut down unnecessary physical movement! You have perforce to be resourceful and, whatever the emergency, you never feel lost and helpless. Every one is something of an "Admirable Crichton." It keeps you fit, gives you a splendid appetite and when the family does go away for a few weeks' holiday how thoroughly you enjoy it!

In India, or the East generally, we know naught of this *joie de vivre*. The natural, healthy pleasures that come from relaxation after hard, honest, physical work do not come our way. They are denied to the well-to-do because they do not put in the work, and they pass by those who toil because they have no time to relax. However trivial the work, we are so used to getting it done for us, that we never even imagine we could do it ourselves and perhaps more efficiently. The presence of so many servants makes us lazy and inconsiderate. We never care how much unnecessary work we create for them. It is true that we spend a lot of time and energy in training and supervising them. But if we utilized that time and energy in doing things ourselves how much more independent and free we should be!

The house is full of servants. It is impossible to be alone. And I wonder if we gain any real happiness thereby. We make work for the servants and they create mental worries for us, real or imaginary. If some day one of the servants falls ill, what a temper we get into and how convinced we are that it is all put on, which at times is really so. We drop in on one another at any odd time and expect to be entertained. When we travel, we plant ourselves on our friends and relations without ever thinking of inconveniencing them or even giving previous notice. Why should we, when we know that there are plenty of servants to do the housework? Reducing work for the servants is of course unheard of. Is it any wonder, then, that they decide to go on the sick list just when guests arrive? We build cumbrous houses which cannot be managed without an army of

servants and each servant makes sure that he does only the special work assigned to him. A cook refuses to clear the dishes; a bearer declines to do the washing; an ayah never serves at the table. Under the present circumstances, no doubt, we have had to reduce the number of our servants and that at least is to the good.

A big house, a large garden, a lot of servants—these decide our social status and how we kill ourselves to make others believe that we are better off than we actually are! Rather than let others know that we cannot afford a cook we declare that he is on leave. Instead of admitting that a car is beyond our means we pretend that, with the recurring petrol rationing, it is hardly worth while keeping a car. We are afraid of being ourselves and all the time keep pretending to be something which we are not, a pretence which convinces nobody, neither others nor ourselves.

Few Australians indulge in such make-believe; most waste little time in futile window dressing. No one is afraid of being himself. To begin with, their social values are different. Differences in living conditions arising out of inequalities of income are not pronounced. The higher the income the higher the rate of income tax, the highest being 18*s.* 6*d.* in the £. Tax evasion is not a racket. Inequalities of wealth are thus very much reduced and the basic wage is sufficient for every one to live in comfort and enjoy the four freedoms. Poverty is unknown and hunger is not experienced. Labour unions are strong and through a continuous effort have obtained excellent conditions of work, leisure and pay. The scales of pay for white-collar jobs and for manual labour are not very different, and when off work every one wears a white collar. A messenger boy in a department can rise to be the head of the department. There is a radio in practically every home. I have seen the gardener of a friend of mine turn up for his work in his own car. Labour is dignified. A recent Prime Minister had been an engine-driver.

Australia treats all her citizens alike and provides equal opportunities of education, work and leisure for every one. School education is a responsibility of the different States. It is free and compulsory, not only on the statute-book but in reality. Even for bush children, cut off from the world by miles of loneliness, the States provide complete school education up to the pre-university stage. The State Governments are pledged to provide a school in any god-forsaken place as long as it can muster ten children of school-going age. Not a stone is left unturned to educate every child in the country. How long will it take before similar conditions prevail in India?

Before the advent of the two world wars Australia was entirely a primary producer for the mother country. Even now, though her primary industries produce the

greater part of her wealth, the two long wars have inspired and helped her to industrialize her economy. She develops her mineral resources and is assured of tariff protection. Simultaneously the State furnishes all help to new industries as regards research and development, through the Commonwealth Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, which is doing very valuable work in solving the problems of the primary and secondary producer and in training research workers. The solutions offered by this institution are practical propositions and not mere academic documents destined for pigeonholes. Full co-operation and co-ordination exist between the State, the C. S. I. R. and the producers. Australia is now building ships, making diesel engines, locomotives, tractors, etc.

India also is seeing visions of an industrialized economy. Big schemes and projects are liberally proposed. The practical knowledge, the careful planning, the technical skill and the sustained effort are, however, very often left out of the proposition. Oftentimes a scheme is launched by one politician in office, only to be scrapped by his successor. In the process, however, a lot of money is wasted. Many a promising youth is sent abroad for specialized training, either to be ignored on his return or given a job wherein he cannot possibly utilize the special training on which so much time and money has been spent. These haphazard efforts towards industrial and scientific development only drain the exchequer and dishearten the public.

The rearing of livestock is the primary concern of Australia. So much practical experience and research have gone into the industry that it has now reached the status of an art. Immunizing injections keep the stock generally free from disease. If any sickness crops up in spite of such precautions it is promptly attended to and is not allowed to spread. Quarantine regulations as regards importing outside stock, or plants for that matter, are very strict. The stock live permanently in the open and ample feed keeps them in excellent condition. They are not allowed to multiply beyond the carrying capacity of the land; the surplus progeny are used as meat. Old and useless animals are likewise done away with; sentiment does not prolong their misery as it does in our country.

These are some of the positive lessons we can learn from Australia. But we can also learn from her mistakes. Her biggest mistake was the injudicious cutting down of trees. Settlers wanted to clear land to graze their stock. Bush fires were deliberately started and trees were systematically girdled. Vast areas of the continent were denuded and Australia has been suffering from the ravages of soil erosion ever since. Huge schemes for the re-forestation of land are now in progress and trees are being replanted in their thousands. Cutting a tree is for-

bidden. It will take decades, however, to repair the damage and we can learn a great lesson from this indiscriminate clearing of the bush on the part of our Australian neighbours.

There is much that India can learn from Australia, as many of our present problems are similar to the ones she has already solved or is in the process of solving.

S. PARANJPYE

CULTURAL INTERDEPENDENCE

The extent of the interdependence of all civilized countries in matters of pure and applied science, well known to every scientific worker, is little dreamt of by the man in the street. The latter needs to have brought home to him the great interdependence and interlinking of effort which have played so large a part not only in modern scientific advance, but also in cultural development; their more wide-spread recognition is important to the realization of world unity.

From this point of view, such a Cultural Interdependence Exhibition as that staged in New York City in connection with the week-long Third National Conference of the United States National Commission for Co-operation with Unesco is of particular value. Thirty of the city's museums furnished the material for "The World on View" display, which, *Unesco Features* for 22nd February reports, covered "the technological and cultural activities throughout the world," as well as presenting the evolution of cosmologies in "Time and the Stars."

The exhibition included theatre designs, musical instruments, glassware, silverware, sports, the evolution of writing, etc. Other sections dealt with food and housing, costumes, the achievements of great areas, mass communications and, very important, "the timelessness of art and its disregard of national boundaries," this being brought out especially in the section dealing with painting.

It would do immense good if such an exhibition could be arranged in India and, if possible, in different parts of the country. Its value would far transcend that of national exhibitions to the greater glory of their particular sponsoring countries, though these, when free from the taint of propaganda, have their own value in broadening the cultural horizon. Each of these, however, commands a view in a single direction. A "World on View" display sets the observer on a hilltop from which his vision can take in the panorama and recognize the common features in all directions, making unity a simple fact of observation as well as an intellectual formula and an intuitive faith.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

LITERATURE*

This book presents a good running commentary on the entire course of Sanskrit literature, from the Vedic period down to the present day, in a sympathetic and appreciative manner. It thereby acquaints the uninitiated with the expansion and growth of the "language of the Gods," helping him to understand its intricacies, and kindling in him a desire to go to original sources for a fuller enjoyment.

The treatment proceeds from the authors' conviction that Sanskrit is not only a living language, but that it also continues exercising a vitalizing influence on all the current languages of India. The editor, in the Foreword, significantly remarks: "No study of the literatures of India is complete without a study of the treasure-house of Sanskrit literature and even a general acquaintance with Sanskrit as a language enriches the mind and the heart."

The book conforms to the general plan of the Series: A history of the literature, modern developments and an anthology. The last part contains enjoyable selections of Sanskrit poetry, poetic prose, drama, wise sayings, etc., in translation. The selection is representative of different periods and styles. The anthology covers as many as 84 pages of the total 300. Within the limited compass of 200 odd pages, the writers have compressed a wealth of information concerning the main subject. In a book like this one cannot expect all authors and works to be discussed; but most of the notable ones have received fair treatment here. What is, however, of great value is the stress laid on the spirit and the motivation behind. The "chain of historical summary" is thus happily interspersed with illuminating discourses on the utterances of Vedic sages, on the *Advaita* philosophy of Śaṅkara, the *Dvaita* of Mādhva and the *Viśiṣṭādvaita* of Rāmānuja, on Vālmīki's poetic genius, on Kālidāsa's excellences as a poet and as a dramatist, on Bāṇa's vigorous and exuberant prose, on Bharata's contribution on the origin and evolution of Indian dance and drama and on other similar topics of general interest. In short, considering the scope of the work, the picture painted is as pleasing as it is instructive. It eminently fulfils the object in view and paves the way for a more detailed and thorough study of the subject.

The South Indian bias of the book is apparent and is admitted by the writers themselves. Besides, here and there one meets with loose reasoning. For instance, one cannot help feeling that a mere legend is being cited as an actual happening, when, in assessing the merits of certain plays, now lost but mentioned by Bharata, the writers observe: "One indication of the intrinsic quality of all these emerges,

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* *Sanskrit Literature*. By K. CHANDRASEKHARAN and V. H. SUBRAMANIA SASTRI. The P.E.N. Books, The Indian Literatures No. XII. (The International Book House, Ltd., Bombay. viii + 300 pp. 1951. Rs. 6/-).

namely, that the lost works must have been of such worth as to have attracted the heavenly crowd, who both enacted and witnessed them before Indra and his celestial court." (p. 166) The evident slackness in following the method of transliteration has resulted in queer errors such as Śivā's, *Sarvagña*, Kauṭilyā's, *rasikā's*, *Prasthāvana*, (pp. 109, 116, 144, 159, 187 respectively), etc. An index at the end would have added to the usefulness of the book. These shortcomings, it is hoped, will be made good in its reissue.

B. CH. CHHABRA

A STUDY OF PRIDE*

One is grateful to Mr. Robert Payne for many things and, not least, for telling us in detail how this remarkable book came to be written. It originated in conversations with the late Charles Williams, who wondered whether "it was possible to write a history of the naked human soul divorced from accidental history." Later, it occurred to him that "the history of pride might offer a solution to the problem."

Time passed—Charles Williams died—and Mr. Payne decided to write the book.

This then is a short history of the European soul as it shows itself in its pride.

It is a learned book but, one hastens to add, it is written in a manner which creates the delusion that the author is telling us nothing we do not know, but merely reminding us of things we may have forgotten.

A summary—necessarily inadequate—of the book's contents will reveal its scope. There are two chapters on Greek pride—a notable chapter on Roman pride, with emphasis on the primal fear which haunted the Romans to such an extent that their "horizontal" achievements—the immense roads, the huge aqueducts, the vast empire—all give the appearance of escapes from this primal fear. Then follows a chapter, "The Medieval Monument," which begins with the anchorites in the desert and is then concerned with the Fathers who consolidated the foundations of the Church, notably St. Augustine, who saw pride everywhere and wrestled with it as Jacob wrestled with the angel; whose hatred of pride was almost pathological. But it is not until Gregory the Great that the proud man comes to maturity in the famous lines: "...he favours himself in his thought; and when he thinks he surpasses others in all things, he walks with himself along the broad spaces of his thought and silently utters his own praises." Mr. Payne adds:—

> From now on [this] portrait is to suffer only the faintest modifications. Behind Ivan Karamazov, behind Pascal's mathematician, Dante's *terribilta*, there is this brooding hero, wandering alone in a climate which is not our climate, uncertain of his ends and certain only of his praises.

Nevertheless, with the decline of the Pope's temporal power, the pride of man "changes direction." For ten centuries, pride had been a thing accurst, now it becomes a virtue, for

**The Wanton Nymph: A Study of Pride.* By ROBERT PAYNE. (William Heinemann, Ltd., London. xiii + 345 pp. 1951. 21s.)

national pride comes into being with the separation of the Church's spiritual and temporal powers. "The nations took as their symbols the fierce animals which had been the symbols of pride." We have reached the end of the Middle Ages: we have entered the "modern" world. So, inevitably, the next five chapters deal with national pride: the pride of Italy, England, Spain, Germany and France.

It is interesting that Mr. Payne seems unable to find pride in the English—"Pride rides for a fall in England." These are glad tidings, and may be news to some people, for, although the author makes a good case, one does seem to run into a good many English people who take it for granted that they are the *fin fleur* of humanity—and that everything they do is right, simply and only because they do it. That may not be pride, but it seems a formidable substitute.

One watches Pascal's approach towards the Godhead with the fascination which must come from horror, the same fascination with which we listen to Job. Here at last, divested of all the impediments of learning, we see the naked human soul stumbling frantically in search of salvation.

(There is space only to give this quotation in the hope that it will focus attention on the chapter dealing with Pascal.)

After Pascal, the author is chiefly concerned with modern Titans, that is, those tormented by the legend of the Titans: Goethe, Hölderlin, Blake, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth. "When the great poets of the turn of the century spoke of the Titans, they spoke with an authentic voice....Gradually, as the nineteenth century advances, the mist thickens." We are confronted by "a host of men filled with the lust of pride at a time when pride was no longer elemental"—Nietzsche's "ugliest man," Ibsen's Brand, Dostoievsky's Stavrogin. "Pride, having become urbanized, smelt of *goulash*, stale tobacco and rubber." And it is with the most notable of this "host of men" that the author is now concerned —with Baudelaire, Kierkegaard, Ibsen, Otto Weininger, Nietzsche, Melville, Dostoievsky.

In the penultimate chapter, we are given revealing studies of Rimbaud, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Paul Valéry. It is a tribute to the author that the more one knows of these authors, the more he illuminates them.

Finally, when the book has been read, does one know more about the European soul? Would one have known more, or less, about it if Mr. Payne had mirrored that soul in another of the seven deadly sins? These questions are secondary. If a book creates vistas, posits new perspectives, kindles imagination, makes inroads into ignorance (and this one has done all these for one reader) it is ungenerous to ask more, especially as one usually gets less. Much less.

One thing is certain—this book has relevance to the world of today.

Now we live in a world where the flame may consume us all. Pride, the furious leaping and falling flame, haunts us and may haunt us forever, though we are beginning to learn the nature of the penalty which must be paid—the evidence lies all around us in ruins; in the concentration camps; in the laboratories of the scientists; in the vast graves. Now that we have captured the power of the sun and can put it to our own uses, it may be that the world will be destroyed for a while, to emerge again, as the world of Cronus gave place to the world of Zeus....

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

An Assessment of Twentieth Century Literature. By J. ISAACS. (Martin Secker and Warburg, Ltd., London. 188 pp. 1951. 8*s.* 6*d.*) Received through the courtesy of the British Council, London.

Mr. Isaacs gives in this collection of his BBC broadcasts a fine critical estimate of the English literature of the first half of the century—which witnessed two World Wars and mighty scientific achievements. He rightly thinks that this literary period began in 1903 with Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman*, Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts* and Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh.* Later H. G. Wells raised the standard of revolt against Victorian prudery in *A Modern Utopia.* The novels of Dostoievsky and the writings of Sigmund Freud helped to create a vogue for psychology and psycho-analysis. The novel, with a variety of experimentation unattempted before, began to dominate the literary scene, and novels of the "cubist," "impressionist" and "stream of consciousness" and other types appeared. Experiments in prosody have been many, though, judged as a whole, the achievement in poetry is poorer than that in prose.

Among students of literature there are bound to be differences of opinion on some of the author's judgments; but for the general reader there could hardly be a better introduction to the subject than this book with its discursive, homely and genial style.

R. BANGARUSWAMI

Thomas Hardy. By DESMOND HAWKINS. The English Novelists Series. (Arthur Barker, Ltd., London. 112 pp. 1950. 6*s.*) Received through the courtesy of the British Council, London.

This is an admirable little study in a series whose modest purpose is to introduce and to sum up for the common reader the great English novelists. The present volume goes far beyond this modest purpose: within its 90 pages the author packs a penetrating study of every aspect of Hardy the novelist. What picture do we get of him?

First and foremost, of course, he sees Hardy as the greatest delineator of rural England in prose. It is in terms of Wessex that we must assess what is most valuable and singular in his genius; Wessex, the sequestered region "outside the gates of the world," where, nevertheless, dramas of a grandeur and a unity truly Sophoclean are enacted. To this homely atmosphere he brought his own modernism, his rebellion against conventions, and so became the father of the modern "sex-novel," set, not in its natural home in the metropolis, but against a background of elemental forces which seem to isolate and throw into relief what is elemental in the heroes and heroines of his great novels.

Hardy's construction of a story, in the opinion of Hawkins, is usually rather crude and without much enterprise beyond the invention of artificial twists. He is the novelist of situations. His character-drawing is similarly limited: a half dozen serviceable types with minor variations. His greatness lies in the depiction of the epic combat between man and a hostile universe, in the success with which he conjures up "the majestic darkening scene of human defeat with supurb flights of imagery."

Beside the great quasi-mythological central characters, stands the Wessex chorus, spreading an air of authenticity which radiates kindly over the awkward machinery of the plots. In this subtle reciprocity between the heroic and the common we see Hardy's kinship with Shakespeare.

The style, in spite of the grand effects it is capable of producing, is wordy, awkward, solemn, without a sense of humour.

A solemn, humourless, sex-obsessed, sensitive little man, who has the soul of a tragic poet—that is the picture that emerges.

G. C. BANNERJEE

Salt and His Circle. By STEPHEN WINSTEN. (Hutchinson and Co. (Publishers), Ltd., London. 224 pp. Illustrated. 1951. 16*s*.)

A hundred years ago there was born in India one who influenced the best brains of the age. Henry Stephen Shakespear Salt was brought up in the atmosphere of Eton and Cambridge. He dedicated himself to the cause of humanity and was called by Havelock Ellis "the last of the wise men." Gandhi publicly acknowledged his debt to him and Shaw admitted that in his early days as a story writer and playwright he had freely drawn on Salt's inspirations. Swinburne, Meredith, Morris, Prince Kropotkin, Carpenter, Galsworthy, Hudson, Chesterton, Garnett and Schreiner considered him a seer.

Stephen Winsten says that the two best books that have been denied to the world are those of Salt on Shaw and of Shaw on Salt. Winsten planned the present biography with Shaw's assistance. The letters and conversations of Salt and his friends make interesting reading and one has to go to Salt's autobiography to know how he was "Seventy Years Among Savages." The Preface by Shaw was written a few days before his fatal accident. It gives a glimpse into Salt's life and his marriage with Kate Joynes to whom Shaw and Carpenter would be "Sunday husbands." Appendix One in the book contains the article "Salt on Shaw" and Salt's article corrected by Shaw. Appendix Two is a list of Salt's books.

This is a fascinating biography of a great Humanist, reformer, independent thinker and idealist. It opens up a window on the last hundred years and throws new light on many well-known figures, including Shelley, Thoreau and Melville.

WILLIAM HOOKENS

World Within World. By STEPHEN SPENDER. (Hamish Hamilton, Ltd., London. 349 pp. 1951. 15*s*.) Received through the courtesy of the British Council, London.

Stephen Spender's autobiography embodies the trials and thrills of a literary career with a few excursions into other fields. Even while he was a stripling his genius for self-revelation was noticed by W. H. Auden—the author's friend, philosopher and guide—and the validity of that judgment is amply proved by the present work.

Its fascination lies as much in the graphic narration of details and incidents as in the exquisite portrayal of relatives, friends and contemporaries. His hysterical mother with her taste for poetry, painting and embroidery; his father, Harold Spender, with his "Apollonian" head, "Scandinavian" eyes and "ginger looks"; Harold

Spender's brother, the well-known journalist J. A. Spender, whose antipathy for Lloyd George was on a par with his brother's hero-worship; Aunt Mary (J. A. Spender's wife), a "crude expert in insulting people"; the amiable grandmother, and her two sisters compositely known as "Berthella" who, "like two birds on a spray," kept watch and ward. At Oxford the author comes into contact with Auden, the poetic boy prodigy, who had "almost albino hair and weakly pigmented eyes set closely together" and possessed the "power to make everything sound Audenesque"; With Christopher Isherwood who could be "amiably bitter"; with Isaiah Berlin (to whom the book is dedicated) and his metaphors to describe people; with Louis MacNeice and others. Other reminiscences follow: of Harold Nicolson's "strange combination of contradictory qualities" and his wife Vita Sackville-West's "unspoken friendship" which had "the freedom of silence and watchfulness about it"; of William Plomer with the "faintly ironical yet sparkling smile." He mentions Virginia Woolf and her social curiosity, her long dinner parties, her anecdotes, her artistic standards. He writes of W. B. Yeats and of George Moore; of Edith Sitwell whose "features seemed carved as though out of alabaster, in which were cut narrowly watchful eyes, amused, kind, cold, sad"; and other celebrities.

Interesting side-lights on the civil war in Spain, on the activities of *Horizon*, on the National Fire Service, on his own loves and marriages, on his travels and life in foreign countries, and on his predilections and his prejudices are found pleasantly scattered through the narration. Also some of Spender's beautiful observations wink from odd corners:

> The young accept the bad, not through bad judgment, but through lack of experience.
>
> A poem succeeds completely or not at all. Every weak place in a poet's armour is an opening for a fatal thrust.
>
> If success is corrupting, failure is narrowing.
>
> True good is based on abnegation.

R. BANGARUSWAMI

Sweete Themmes. Edited by JOHN IRVIN and JOCELYN HERBERT. (Max Parrish and Co., Ltd., London. 272 pp. Illustrated. 1951. 17*s.* 6*d.*) Received through the courtesy of the British Council, London.

This superb anthology in prose and verse brings together for the first time all the rich and wonderful things said about the River Thames on whose banks London—"the floure of Cities all"—is situated. The "Father of the British Floods" has ever been a source of inspiration to the man of letters. Poets have depicted its softly gliding stream and its numberless fair-winged swans and innumerable barges to keep them company; the gardens on either bank teeming with a variety of flowers, the pallid violet, the daisy, the virgin lily and the bright geranium. This view of the poets to be sure, is marred by that of the satirist who sees in the river the carrier of much obnoxious matter, and that of the average man, who takes the river for granted.

The historian regards the Thames as "liquid history." It is a reminder, for example, of Julius Cæsar's having crossed the river in 54 B.C. The riverside meadow of Runnymede of Magna Carta fame, Whitehall, the Tower of London, the House of Commons—each

has its own interesting story to tell. But as W. J. Brown says in the Foreword :—

> The River is all things to all men. To the merchant it is the gateway to the Seven Seas and the markets of the world; to the traveller, the starting-point for the ends of the earth; to the farmer, the gentle irrigator of his familiar fields; to the fisherman, the Mecca of his solitary delight; to the London mudlark, his paddling-ground; to lovers, a refuge for the evenings of summer; to the youth of Oxford and Cambridge, the scene of annual battle for supremacy on the water; to the Thames Conservancy Board—a source of water supply.

R. BANGARUSWAMI

PHILOSOPHY

Contemporary Ethical Theories. By THOMAS ENGLISH HILL. (The Macmillan Company, New York. 368 pp. 1950. 30*s.*)

The author of this book has set himself a hard task: "to survey, classify and evaluate the significant moral theories of the present century," as a textbook for advanced (and some elementary) classes, and as "useful to professional philosophers for reference purposes." He also aims at:

> clarifying the basic problems and formulating some such central hypotheses as may upon further verification serve as foundation for the gradual development of a more comprehensive yet fully coherent theory.

As may be guessed from the last quotation, the difficulties of the task have not been lightened by a style diffuse, highly abstract and rather nebulous. To give, in reasonable space, a fair idea and fair criticism of over fifty principal and some minor writers needed rare conciseness and lucidity.

In the first sentence we are told that "practical problems in substantial measure depend" on the resolution of the "fundamental questions of moral philosophy." Surely our moral philosophy must more substantially depend on our solution of practical problems. This indeed is later admitted; but throughout there is a questionable insistence that bad moral theories are the causes and not the excuses of our moral obliquities, and that better theories are the cure for an age which (surely like every other) groans under special forms of wickedness. Conformably with this line of thought, we are told that: "the very scientific discoveries that give to our age its vast potentialities render most of the older moral theories in their original forms inadequate." I cannot guess the discoveries and theories of which this is true.

When we turn to the statement and criticism of particular theories, we find inadequacies or obscurities inseparable from such a scope and method. On p. 341 we read that "contemporary Deontological theories...properly insist that fair distribution of good is no less important than the achievement of good and that in a moral order men receive their due"; yet on p. 352: "in the last analysis moral experience seems unable to accept any way of vindicating the rightness of an act save by reference to the good that in one way or another results from it." The most plausible attempt to harmonize this contradiction would seem to be Professor Broad's distinction between "optimific" and "optimising" acts, which has dangers of its own but surely deserves discussion.

On p. 328 we are told that all Deontologists believe that man is free to make "perceived rightness the ground of his choice." I do not think this true unless the word freedom is used in one of those ambiguous ways against which Professor Hill properly warns us as being a prime cause of confusion.

Still more surprising is the suggestion that according to the Deontologists:

> because the rightness of an action is *intuitively* recognized in knowing the situation which requires it while consequences can only be *calculated* with varying degrees of probability, rightness cannot depend upon consequences.

Here, I think, two points are confused with a very misleading result. The truths adumbrated might be expressed as follows: (1) Some Deontologists say that *if* we could know the whole situation and all the consequences of all possible alternative action, and *if* we were morally infallible, then, and only then, we should *know* our real duty, which would not in all cases depend *wholly* upon the consequences. (2) Other Deontologists say that, since we can only have *probable beliefs* as to the situation and the consequences of the relevant alternative acts, and also as to what action such presumed situation and presumed consequences morally demand, the action presumed to be thus morally demanded is in truth our duty. And, again this duty does not always depend *wholly* upon consequences.

I have dwelt on these instances merely to indicate the difficulties of fulfilling the author's aims in manageable compass without a genius for brief clarity which neither he nor I can claim. They do not prevent his book from being a useful *aide-mémoire* for those who have read the authorities, but do enforce his insistence that these should be read.

E. F. CARRITT

Form and Spirit: A Study in Religion. By J. H. BADLEY. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London. 247 pp. 1951. 16*s*.) Received through the courtesy of the British Council, London.

This work of rare insight seeks to evaluate the religious impulse as the deepest urge of the human spirit. The author shows that there is in man a deep-seated sense of wonder and awe in the presence of a Power, dimly apprehended, immanent and yet transcendent and felt to be more real than the order of reality known to the senses. Institutional religion is but its vesture.

Everywhere we see a decay of institutional religion. Some persons see in this a decay of the religious spirit which they regard as a product of a bygone age. Nothing is farther from the truth; religions may wane but Religion will live for ever. Real Religion seeks the eternal values of life. It is a universal recognition.

Mr. Badley discusses the various world religions and proceeds to deal with forms of worship, concepts of God and salvation, the problem of evil and the truth of immortality. As he does not go to the basis of the doctrine of Karma, problems persist unsolved. He says well, however, that "to be at one with God is the object of all religion." He aptly concludes:—

> Theological doctrines and ecclesiastical institutions lose their meaning and their hold; but it is the spirit, not the form, that gives life, and has still its chief work to do in the fuller realization, in all the concerns of life, of its message of faith and hope and love.

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

Philosophies of India. By HEINRICH ZIMMER; edited by JOSEPH CAMPBELL. (Bollingen Series XXVI, Pantheon Books, Inc., New York. 687 pp. 1951. $ 6.00)

Here is an interpretative exposition of Indian thought affording fascinating glimpses into the formative forces in Indian culture and civilization. Its significance extends beyond the limits of technical scholarship into the general sphere of cultural understanding between East and West.

Dr. Zimmer is no mere Indologist absorbed in dry-as-dust scholarship. He expounds the major Indian philosophies as each contributing elements of permanent value. He is particularly rich and suggestive regarding the Jaina, the Sankhya and the Buddhist systems. He thinks that they derive from pre-Aryan, Dravidian, sources and depicts the central Vedic stream in Indian speculation as reacting against them in an effort to assimilate them, the process resulting, through the centuries, in the Six Systems of Philosophy well known to later times.

He shows the action and reaction of the world-affirming and world-negating impulses as forming the ground-plan of the vast edifice of Indian philosophic effort through the ages. He explains the parallelism in metaphysical inspiration between the *maya* of Vedanta and the *Sunya* of the Mahāyāna.

Dr. Zimmer makes a remarkable effort to bring out the atmosphere and force of technical terms by continual recourse to the variety of their usage in myth and symbol as well as in ordinary parlance. His use of animal fables, allegorical tales and mystic parables, with which Indian philosophical works are so full, is unique and assists in the evocation of the concrete cultural setting in which the terms yield their true meaning and point. Dr. Zimmer sees Indian life and vision as an integral whole and prefaces his account of the systems (which he calls "The Philosophies of Eternity") with an explanation of the values and stages of life indicated by the words, *dharma*, *artha* and *kama* under the heading, Philosophies of Time.

He sets Indian philosophies in the context of the crisis of modern civilization which he thinks is now ripe for realizing the value of the inward vision. Modern philosophy as the summation of scientific information has no answer for the metaphysical hunger of the spirit of man.

M. A. VENKATA RAO

Collision of East and West. By HERRYMON MAURER. With an introduction by HU SHIH. (Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, 352 pp. 1951. $4.50)

This remarkable inner history of the impact of Western culture on the Far East blames the failure of the Western man to understand the mind of the East for the collision of East and West between 1937 and 1947, the decade of tragedy.

For 300 years the modern West had been in the East. The two had been facing each other, refusing to meet. The reason is that the contact had been on the outer planes. There had been no effort to reconcile the cultural differences, or even to understand them. The West had come eastward for material benefits, and had not cared to enter the minds and hearts of the Eastern peoples. The East had adopted some outer forms of Western civi-

lization without imbibing its deeper spirit. And so the two collided in a four-cornered war, with the United States, Russia, China and Japan as the contestants. Writing as an American, the author finds fault with the policy-makers of his home country. The confusion in Korea, he thinks, is the culmination of the lack of a definite policy in the East.

But all is not lost. Cultural collisions "are the result not of a basic hostility inevitable in the meeting of any two separate groups, but rather of the particular manner in which the meeting took place." The meeting was mishandled; the mistake can be corrected. The way to correct it is through a realization by the West that it must approach the East "with as much interest in receiving as in giving new cultural ideas and with as much concern for giving as receiving material benefits." A change has been taking place slowly in the attitude of the West, but its rate must be accelerated. The sooner it is realized that "the use of other persons or other peoples as devices to make oneself feel superior provokes hostility and leads to emotional or cultural collision," the better for world peace.

Maurer writes with sympathy and understanding. He has a very pleasing style.

T. M. P. MAHADEVAN

Logic for Living: Lectures of 1921-22. By HENRY HORACE WILLIAMS. Edited by JANE ROSS HAMMER. (Philosophical Library, Inc., New York. 281 pp. 1951. $3.75)

Professor Williams taught philosophy at the University of North Carolina for 50 years, and came to be popularly known as the "Hegel of the cottonpatch." He exercised an influence beyond the University Campus. Philosophy is often dismissed as useless speculation, and logic as breaking a butterfly on the wheel. A reader of Thouless's *Straight and Crooked Thinking* and Susan Stebbing's *Thinking to Some Purpose* will, however, rate logic much higher and find in it a discipline of the highest value. Professor Williams's *Logic for Living* belongs to the same class of books, though in some respects it goes even deeper than the other two. Here we are privileged to observe the very mechanics of thought, to follow with interest the dialectic of half-truth wrestling with half-truth and fusing together in the unity of truth, to participate in the drama of ideas colliding, resolving, disintegrating, the drama of life striving towards increasing consciousness and power.

"There are only three units: nature, man, God," says Professor Williams; and, of course, these three unities themselves merge in the splendorous unity of the One. Surface life baffles us: contraries—the one and the many, the individual and the aggregate, quality and quantity, the finite and the infinite, the static and the dynamic—tantalize us with their sharpness and seeming clarity. Resolve perplexities as fast as we may, there are unresolved perplexities stretching ahead still. But there is no need to despair. To take the right road in thought is the essential thing: the rest will follow. Becoming is the dynamic prelude to the Being that will come as the crown of the epic endeavour. "If individuals keep growing, they reach the point where wisdom and righteousness are spontaneous." These classroom discussions, with their

faintly Socratic flavour, are almost encyclopædic in range, and constitute a good grounding in intellectual and moral discipline. As Mr. Frank Porter Graham writes in the Foreword, the effect of these conversations is to persuade youth

> to place reason above prejudice, conscience above position and power, leadership above price, idealism above mechanisms, and religion and the most precious things of the human spirit beyond science and the things of the world.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The Works of George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, Vol. 4. Edited by A. A. LUCE. (Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., London. 264 pp. 1951. 30*s.*)

This volume contains miscellaneous writings of Bishop Berkeley on mathematics, physics and natural history. A few of them have a bearing on his philosophy; the rest are mainly of biographical interest. It begins with the "*De Motu*" (Of Motion) in Latin, followed by a translation. Here Berkeley gives his own view of motion as the principle of mind and independent of matter. The next essay, called "The Analyst," is described in the subtitle as "a discourse addressed to an infidel mathematician." Here Berkeley examined Newton's doctrine of the flowing quantity or *fluxion*, and shows, as the editor puts it, that "mathematics has no monopoly of reason or religion a monopoly of mystery." In Bishop Berkeley's own words: "He who can digest a second or third fluxion... need not, methinks, be squeamish about any point in divinity."

The next tract is a rejoinder to Dr. Jurin's reply to "The Analyst." It is entitled "A Defence of Free-Thinking in Mathematics." The next tract, likewise of a polemical nature, "Reasons for not replying to Mr. Walton's 'Full Answer,'" is also an aftermath of "The Analyst." Then follow "*Arithmetica*" and "*Miscellanea Mathematica*" in Latin, and "Of Infinites," a short but important paper. The last part of this volume contains Berkeley's writings on natural history, which are all in the form of brief communications.

It is interesting to note that whenever possible Berkeley introduces his pet doctrine of immaterialism. His examination of motion and *fluxion*, for instance, is with a view to showing that there is no matter. In the place of Newtonian physics, Berkeley substitutes his philosophical view, that the world consists, to quote his editor again, "of passive significant realities *in* the mind of God and *for* the mind of man."

T. M. P. MAHADEVAN

St. Thomas Aquinas: Philosophical Texts. Selected and translated with Notes and an Introduction by THOMAS GILBY. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, The Oxford University Press, London. 405+xxii pp. 1951. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

The Angelic Doctor, as he was called even during his life, was born at Roccasecca, near Naples, in *c* 1225, entered the then new Order of the Dominicans, studied under no less a master than Albertus Magnus and died in 1274 at the early age of forty-nine. Yet so prolific a writer was he that his works fill the double columns of thirty-two quarto volumes of the Vives edition (Paris 1871–80). It will readily be seen, therefore, that the task of Father Gilby in the selection of the

texts he has chosen has been one of some magnitude.

Eleven hundred and twenty-four extracts, arranged under twenty main and ninety-nine sub-headings, are here presented to the reader, and although the order of subjects follows that of St. Thomas' best known work, the *Summa Theologica*, the texts themselves cover a very wide range of his writings and appear here for the first time in English. As each of the extracts is numbered, the cross references given to other sections of the book are extraordinarily helpful.

The period during which Aquinas lived was one in which innumerable ideas, both old and new, were stirring in the minds of men and all the elements out of which a new culture was to be born were being provided by the re-entry of Hellenism coupled with the wisdom of the Hebrews and of Arabia, and in St. Thomas we see, perhaps most clearly, the reflection of this time.

His style has been described as being dry and with a quasi-mathematical precision, but his work is confident and not without the spirit of adventure; nor was he a stranger to the mystical experience. It certainly emerges clearly that Aquinas held that beyond the sphere of natural reason there was a knowledge that came by faith through revelation, such faith being not opposed to reason, but that which, while it fulfilled, at the same time surpassed man's highest aspirations.

E. J. LANGFORD GARSTIN

Outlines of the Philosophy of Sri Madhwacharya. By B. A. KRISHNASWAMY RAO, M.SC. (Author, Tumkur, South India. 141 pp. 1951. Rs. 2/8; Library Edition, Rs. 4/-)

There are several books in English containing elaborate elucidations of the life and teachings of Śrī Madhvācārya, the exponent of the Dwaita Vedānta. This book is, however, meant for the student of Indian philosophy in general and the lay reader in particular who may not be interested in the details of the doctrine of Śrī Madhvācārya. In the first few chapters the author deals with the epistemological basis of Śrī Madhva's philosophy while in the later chapters he gives an exposition of Madhva's fundamental tenets. This study is based directly on Śrī Madhva's works and hence may be useful to the student who is not proficient in Sanskrit but is interested in understanding Madhva's doctrine in its proper philosophical perspective.

Sri Krishnaswamy Rao is a Lecturer in Physics in the University of Mysore but also maintains a deep interest in Indian philosophy, unlike many teachers of science in Indian Colleges who never look beyond their laboratories and muse on the problems of philosophy which have engaged the attention of the greatest thinkers in the past in all civilized nations.

P. K. GODE

A Study in Memory : A Philosophical Essay. By E. J. FURLONG. (Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., London. 109 pp. 1951. 12*s.* 6*d.*) *31 Bedside Essays.* By R. L. MEGROZ. (Tower Bridge Publications, Ltd., London. 144 pp. 1951. 8*s.* 7*d.*) *Fire-Bird : A Study of D. H. Lawrence.* By DALLAS KENMARE. (James Barrie Publishers Ltd., London. 81 pp. 1951. 7*s.* 6*d.*) Received through the courtesy of the

British Council, London.

Everybody is impressed by precognition, but few of us are surprised by our capacity to remember. And yet a nineteenth-century philosopher, who was my uncle, maintained that human beings are merely "memory-syntheses." Mr. Furlong's enquiry into the mystery is a little laborious but certainly stimulating. If we had no sense of continuity we should be shapeless jellyfish. Nevertheless, if you wish to realize anew that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made," his treatise may deepen your sense of surprise at finding yourself a man or a woman.

We all know that if we take up a book by Mr. Mégroz we shall contact a well-read, civilized and steady-minded personality. He is an admirable reviver of seemingly drowned reputations, and although every one of his small essays might serve well as a nightcap, none is better worth perusing than his account of the Rosetti father. Some of his other titles will instantly show the reader how interesting his book is: for instance, "On Not Reading Thrillers," "Rude Jokes," "Early Arabic Poetry" and "What Does England Mean?" Mr. Mégroz is much increasing his power and, I hope, his public.

Fire-Bird is yet another adulatory book about D. H. Lawrence. The author maintains, with the help of copious quotations, that Lawrence was, first and last, a poet, and a good poet. So warm is her enthusiasm that she almost persuadeth us, but when we have examined her excerpts we may still feel that her hero was a watery Whitman. So eager is she to proclaim the value of his poetry that, with some surprise, we hear her saying, "*Lady Chatterley's Lover*, in its unexpurgated form especially, is not even a good novel. It is a boring and almost unreadable book. It ought not to have been noticed, or even condemned," etc. There is no arbiter of taste, but some students may feel that *Lady Chatterley* and *The Rainbow* are more notable than any or all of Lawrence's free-verse outpourings.

CLIFFORD BAX

The Song of Roland and Other Studies. By V. K. AYAPPAN PILLAI M.A. (Madras), B.A. (Oxon.) (Hind Kitabs, Ltd., Bombay 1. 141 pp. 1951. Rs. 3/12)

These are 18 studies on Shakespeare, literary criticism, *La Chanson de Roland* (a medieval French epic), "Marthanda Varma" (a Malayalam classic), the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, Leftist criticism in America, and several other subjects of interest particularly to students of English Literature. They reveal a breadth and a balancing of view-points that are rare. The author's chiselled style, though at times a little reminiscent of cut flowers, carries the reader in the direction of an avenue beyond the college corridors. For Professor Pillai, it would seem, criticism is æstheticism plus cosmopolitanism.

G.M.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

" _____ *ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Sometimes a constructive movement, begun in a small way but inspired by great ideals, gathers momentum steadily and as steadily becomes a focus of confidence and hope. The Liberal International, formed in 1947, is seeking to build up a world-wide force based on liberal ideas and ideals. Like Socialism, Liberalism aims at Social Security but it is determined to combine this with the fundamental values of individualism, the protection of the spiritual, cultural and political as well as the economic rights of the individual. It sees the main present danger to be " that we are no longer *thinking* liberally."

Collectivist thought and materialist philosophy have won wide support amongst people in all walks of life in all countries. This must be fought in two ways. First, by wide-scale propaganda in favour of libertarian philosophy and the spiritual aspect of political thought. Second, by securing co-operation between men and women of liberal outlook in all parts of the world.

Annual Congresses are held by the Liberal International and also annual conferences of liberal newspaper editors, the next being called to meet in Amsterdam in August 1952. The British Group of the Liberal International is headed by Prof. Gilbert Murray, O.M., with Lord Boyd-Orr, Sir Richard Livingstone and The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Perth among its Vice-Presidents, and Mr. J. H. MacCallum Scott as its Honorary Secretary (39 St. James's Place, London, S. W. 1). There is a Committee of Liberal Exiles and several Iron Curtain countries were unofficially represented among the 22 countries which had observers and delegates at the 1951 Congress at Uppsala. The Liberal International's quarterly is *World Liberalism*. The organization is a force to count upon in the struggle for a free world, the fight for which, like all fights, is primarily a battle of ideas.

An important conference "In Defence of Free Culture" was held in New York on March 29th, arranged by the American Committee for Cultural Freedom (35 West 53rd Street). Prof. George S. Counts of Teachers' College, Columbia University, was Chairman of the session on "Who Threatens Cultural Freedom in America?" The Hon. H. Howland Sargeant, Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, presided over that on "How Can We Defend Free Culture?" and Prof. Lionel Trilling of Columbia University over the session on "The Struggle for Cultural Freedom in Europe and Asia." Among the distinguished thinkers, writers and publicists who spoke were Prof. F. S. C. Northrop of Yale University, Mr. Arthur Koestler and Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, who pointed to the danger that " the cult of uniformity " might lead to " the enthronement of the herd mind." Lord Buddha, he said, had asserted 25 centuries ago the principle underlying cultural freedom, when he had defined knowledge as " the continual burning up of error to

set free the light of truth." He had decried belief on hearsay, unsupported by reason and experience, and called for testing his own doctrine before acceptance, "as gold is tried by fire."

The problem of cultural freedom is a world problem. It is upon all politicians' lips—and conspicuously absent in their practice. We published in our March issue the address of Shri M. Ramaswamy at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on "The Universal Declaration of Human Rights." It has since appeared as No. 9 in that Institute's series of Reprints. His point of view in regard to the objectives was that of every idealist. It is necessary that the torch be lifted high, but we must not fail to use its light to recognize the things of evil in the darkness in which it burns. The very enunciation of ideals, necessary though it is to keep these before the world, risks people's ignoring the sordid reality. Let us face facts. Ready as the overwhelming majority were to accept the Declaration in the UN General Assembly, every nation—some less, others more—is flouting its basic principles at every expedient turn. Which of them is willing to accept a binding Covenant of Human Rights which would embody even a moiety of the "Rights" of man?

It is well to keep our eyes on the goal, but let us beware of the optimism of the human mind that takes a mirage for an easily attainable reality.

Rajasevasakta Shri A. K. Yegna Narayan Aiyer, Retired Director of Agriculture, Mysore, lecturing at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on April 3rd, on "Dairying in Ancient India," brought out some very interesting points. He brought forward numerous verses from the *Rig Veda*, other Vedic texts, the *Arthasastra* and some of the Tamil classics, which made it plain that much of the knowledge of animal husbandry on which the modern world prides itself was well known to the ancient Indians. These texts gave detailed directions as to the type and quantity of feed for large milk yield, the number and hours of milking, etc., and indicated herbal specifics for various cattle diseases. Bulls were carefully selected for breeding purposes.

The comparison drawn in closing by the Chairman, Shri R. Ramachandra Rao Bhombore, Retired Commissioner of Labour of Mysore State, between the availability of milk in ancient and in modern times was not in favour of the latter. Milk had been abundant in ancient India, whereas statistics today indicated how small a percentage of the milk yield was available to the children of the villages. A survey, made by a Commission which he had headed, had brought out that practically all the milk produced was sold, either as milk or as milk products.

Such research as Shri Yegna Narayan Aiyer's in the ancient texts is bound to result in accumulating evidence chastening to modern complacency. To more than one field of investigation do the words apply: "*Modern Science is ancient thought distorted*, and no more."